

Governor Winship's Twenty Murders

The Sensational Findings of the Puerto Rico Investigating Committee

NEW MASSES

JUNE 8, 1937

FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY

Labor Spies

*How They Work in American Industry,
as Revealed by the LaFollette Committee*

By Leo Huberman

WE HEAR a lot of guff, year in and year out, about how public enterprises are flops, and how private initiative, geared to the profit motive, is necessary to the production of a first-class product and to its continuous successful operation. The verbal answer to that one has been given thousands of times, and, since the allocation of federal funds to various public projects, the concrete living answer is being given more and more frequently. There is, for instance, the Tennessee Valley Authority and its social effects, graphically portrayed in the W.P.A. theater's play *Power*. And there is, indeed, the W.P.A. theater and *Power* themselves to add further testimony.

Come this time of year, however, one of the most telling answers to that phony bourgeois argument is the Jones Beach development some forty miles out of New York on the south shore of Long Island. Any New MASSES editor can tell you that this is one of the finest beach resorts on the Atlantic or any other seaboard. One of the staff was there at the season's opening on Memorial Day, and the impression was driven home again of the sound planning, solid construction, practical, tasteful design, competent staffing—and the almost complete absence of shoddiness, come-on fakery, and spurious distinction that characterize most of the "better" privately owned beach resorts, to say nothing of the uncleanness, fire hazards, and ugliness of the cheaper private establishments. True, it costs too much to get there, and the prices could be lower; but all in all, it is a shining example of the fact that public funds, properly administered, can establish and maintain in operation a public enterprise that puts to shame its privately owned rivals.

For those who missed Between Ourselves last week, we'd like to restate our new plans concerning poetry. Be-



ginning with this issue, Horace Gregory, distinguished American poet and critic, will assume the poetry editorship of the New MASSES. Mr. Gregory has not only written some of the best verse of our time, but he has edited a number of provocative anthologies and fostered a great many new talents. His scholarship, insight, and integrity, his wide knowledge of American and foreign verse, will appear in his choice of poetry for New MASSES, both the poems to be published individually from week to week and the special full pages of verse to be printed at frequent intervals. In these special pages, Mr. Gregory will make an effort to extend our poetic horizon. The work of young and unknown Americans will be sought out. Foreign verse will appear in careful translations. New English poets will be added to the famous Auden-Spender-Lewis triumvirate. Unhonored revolutionary or social poets of the past will be rediscovered. And occasionally we shall present the work of contemporaries who are not yet definitely left-wing in their sympathies.

Storm warning: our \$15,000 fund

BETWEEN OURSELVES

drive has only barely topped the \$5100 mark. You will perhaps realize what that means when we point to our last issue: (1) an article by Harold J. Laski on the meaning of Britain's new prime minister the day he took office; (2) an article analyzing the disposition of forces in the steel-C.I.O. war the day that conflict broke into the open; (3) an article analyzing the political struggle going on behind the Hayashi cabinet the day the Seyukai and Minseitō parties went into a common attack on the cabinet and two days before the cabinet resigned; (4) William Green versus the C.I.O. the day Green and the A.F. of L. reactionaries declared open war on the C.I.O. This on-the-nose timeliness is not an accident; it means cable tolls, payment to contributors, careful thought and planning—all of which cost real dough. Because of that kind of coverage, last week's New MASSES was leading the field by many lengths. We want to keep it there. We assume you do, because it's your magazine. We want to keep it there long enough so that its regular readership grows to the point of keeping it there permanently. You must help us finance that effort by contributing to our fund drive—now. The

easiest ways are \$100 lifetime subscriptions; \$25 ten-year subscriptions; donations and parties for the benefit of the New MASSES. Let's snap the drive out of its doldrums and put it over the top. The zero hour is now.

Who's Who

LEO HUBERMAN is the author of *Man's Worldly Goods* and *We the People*. The latter volume was chosen for issuance by both the Book Union here and the Left Book Club in England. His series on labor spies which starts in this issue is part of a forthcoming volume to be published by Modern Age Books, Inc. . . . The sections of the Puerto Rico investigators' report which we published herein were translated by Eduardo and Benigno Ruiz from the full Spanish text of that report published in the *Mundo*, Puerto Rican newspaper, one of whose editors was a member of the investigating committee headed by Arthur Garfield Hays. We publish the sections as a translation from the Spanish report because the English version arrived here too late for publication in this issue. . . . Stafford Cripps, M.P., K.C.B., who was knighted during the last Labor

government in Great Britain, has been one of the foremost fighters in England for labor unity and for aid to Spanish democracy. . . . James Hawthorne has been our correspondent in Spain since September. . . . The woodcuts reproduced on pages 17 and 18 are from a twenty-print series issued by the Artists' Congress of Chicago. The edition is limited to five hundred complete portfolios, four hundred selling for \$2.50 and one hundred de-luxe sets selling for \$5. The proceeds will go to the Medical Bureau to Aid Spanish Democracy. The showing of the woodcuts, plus 108 large photographs showing the effect of the fascist invasion of Spain, is scheduled to open June 5 at 316 North Michigan Ave., Chicago. . . . Matthew Josephson is the well-known author of *The Robber Barons*. . . . Norman Macleod, the poet, was formerly an editor of *NEW MASSES*. . . . James Agee, author of *Permit Me Voyage*, a book of verse, went to the sharecropper country recently on commission from *Fortune* magazine.

What's What . . .

EDITOR JOSEPH FREEMAN's autobiography of his first thirty years, *An American Testament*, has been selected by the Left Book Club in England as its November choice.

A "giant public auction" of oils, water colors, drawings, and lithographs will be held on Saturday, June 5, at 8:30 p.m. in the gallery of the American Artists' School, 131 West 14th Street, New York. Among the artists whose work is included are contributors Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Adolph Dehn, Louis Lozowick, Eugene Morley, Anton Refregier, Raphael and Moses Soyer, Tromka, Helen West Heller, and others. The auction will be followed by a program of entertainment and dancing, and the proceeds will go to the expansion fund of the school—to meet the ever-increasing demand for larger classes and improved facilities inadequately covered by the low tuition fees. Among the sponsors of the affair are contributors Max Weber, Stuart Davis, Rockwell Kent, Kuniyoshi, and Raphael Soyer. Several New MASSES artists are directors of the school.

Flashbacks

TOM PAINE, professional agitator of the French and American revolutions, died in a little house in New Rochelle in June 1809, rejected by the bourgeois democracy he had helped found. . . . "The determination of the Chinese people to make no more concessions to Japanese imperialism, but to recover our lost territories, is of the greatest political significance in the life of our nation," says Madame Sun Yat-sen, the Wellesley graduate who on June 5 will be forty-seven years old. . . . On the night of June 7, 1929, police attacked the headquarters of a tent colony at Gastonia, N. C., in which the Workers' International Relief housed and fed evicted strikers of the Manville-Jenckes mill. The strikers defended themselves, and during the melee, Chief of Police Aderholt was killed. After the cops' invasion, thirteen leaders of the National Textile Workers' Union were seized, held without bail, charged with murder, assault with intent to kill, and conspiracy.

THIS WEEK

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NEW MASSES

J U N E 8 , 1 9 3 7



John Heliker

\$80,000,000 a Year for Labor Spies

The betrayal of Richard Frankenstein, who was subsequently beaten up by Ford's private police, typifies the employers' labor tactics

By Leo Huberman

FOR ten years Richard Frankenstein had been a trimmer in the Dodge plant of the Chrysler Corp. in Detroit. He had followed in the footsteps of his father, who had worked for the Dodge Corp. for many years before and had been a leader in the plant band. Richard was popular with the other employees in the trim division, and in 1934 they elected him as their representative in the Chrysler Corp. "employee representation plan." At a meeting with the representatives of the other divisions, Richard was elected chairman of the whole section. It was not long before Richard and the other representatives learned that their works council had definite limitations; collective bargaining under this company-union plan meant that the men could ask for and get better lighting, a larger bottle of milk, improved ventilation, and similar concessions. But beyond these they could not go. When it came to collective bargaining for higher wages, shorter hours, seniority rights, etc., the employee representation plan failed them.

The representatives decided to get together and call meetings of the Chrysler workers to see what could be done. The outcome of these meetings was the formation of their own union, the Automotive Industrial Workers' Assn. Fourteen locals of the A.I.W.A. were organized in the Dodge plant, and Richard Frankenstein was elected president. At the same time, Frankenstein and the other representatives continued their services in the Chrysler employee representation plan. The workers had both a company union and their own union.

Frankenstein was a hard-working president. He attended the meetings of the fourteen

locals and made speeches to the members. One night in 1934, after a speech to the members of the plant local, Frankenstein was driven home in the car of the vice-president of the local, John Andrews. This was the beginning of a warm friendship. John became Richard Frankenstein's most trusted companion. Richard wanted more than anything else to create a strong union composed of militant, wide-awake members, and he naturally took to John, who was fearless, uncompromising, able. John was a strong union man; he harangued the men for hours and gave them courage to go out on strike when conditions grew too bad; he was a leader on the picket line. Richard felt that he could depend on John to devote every moment of his spare time to the formation of that powerful body of militant, unionized workers which was Richard's sole ambition.

Both men were married and had two children. The families, living less than ten blocks apart, became quite friendly. John's wife, Dee, and her two children, were frequent visitors at the Frankenstein home. Five nights a week and all day Sunday the two men rode around together on their union work, but Saturday night was regularly set aside for fun—a joint good time when the two wives and their husbands met for dinner and the movies. In the summer of 1935, when the plant was shut down for a few weeks, the two families went to Lake Orion for a vacation. They took a house together and shared expenses. The Andrews and the Frankensteins were firm, fast friends for the two years following that night in 1934 when John Andrews first shook hands with Richard Frankenstein after his speech at the meeting of the paint local.

Yet every day for the whole period of their friendship, John Andrews wrote a detailed report of the activities of his pal Dick Frankenstein. He sent his reports to the office of the Corporations Auxiliary Co., a private detective agency hired by the Chrysler Corporation to keep it informed about its workers' union activities. For spying on his friend Frankenstein and his other fellow-workers, John Andrews was paid forty dollars a month by the Corporations Auxiliary. For the services of its spy, L-392, the code number of John Andrews, Corporations Auxiliary billed the Chrysler Corp. at the rate of nine dollars a day. And for the services of all its undercover operatives in the Chrysler plants in 1935, Corporations Auxiliary was paid \$72,611.89.

From that last figure—the payment to one detective agency by one corporation in one year—it becomes obvious that the story of John Andrews and Richard Frankenstein is more than the story of a friend betrayed. It is the story of a big business. John Andrews was but one operative of one agency. There are hundreds of agencies employing thousands of operatives in the United States. There are agency chains with branch offices in many large industrial centers. Their undercover operatives are at work in every part of the country in every industry. It is impossible to obtain exact figures for either the number of agencies or their operatives. They operate in secret and never divulge more information than they have to about their business. In the hearings before the subcommittee of the Committee on Education and Labor of the United States Senate—the LaFollette Civil Liberties Committee—they were very unwilling wit-

nesses. They lied frequently and suffered from partial and complete loss of memory throughout. However, Mr. Heber Blankenhorn, industrial economist on the National Labor Relations Board, was able to furnish the committee with a list he had compiled after a twenty-year study of industrial espionage. Mr. Blankenhorn, without any doubt, is the foremost authority on the subject in the U. S. Here is his list from the record:

As of April 1936	
Total agencies (Names listed in the record)....	230
Systems:	
William J. Burns, International Detective Agency, Inc.	43
Pinkerton's National Detective Agency.....	35
Railway Audit and Inspection Co., with affiliates (known to be incomplete).....	18
Corporations Auxiliary Co. (known to be incomplete)	8
Sherman Service Inc.	9

How many operatives these 230 agencies employ is still a mystery. Estimates vary from 40,000 for all of them to 135,000 for just the Burns, Pinkerton, and Thiel agencies alone. The minimum figure is based on the fact that there are some 41,000 union locals in the U. S., and it is estimated that *there is a spy in every local*. One labor leader with many years of experience states that he never "knew of a gathering large enough to be called a meeting and small enough to exclude a spy."

What is the cost to industry of this country-wide spy service? How much of the money that you pay for your milk, your car, clothing, furniture, and food went to paying the miserable wages of stool-pigeons and the fabulous salaries of agency heads? We don't know exactly, but even the lowest estimate will astound you. Mr. Blankenhorn, figuring an average of \$175 a month paid to the agency per spy, and 40,000 spies, computes the minimum cost at over \$80,000,000 per year! That this is probably too low an estimate was indicated when General Motors officials testified before the committee that their plants had paid \$419,850.10 to Pinkerton's alone for the period from January 1934 through July 1936; and that they paid to all the agencies they hired in that period a total of \$839,764.41! Small wonder that so many detective agencies have given up shadowing criminals and have turned their attention to selling what they euphemistically call their "industrial service." They have found that there is more money in industry than in crime.

What does industry get in return for spending this \$80,000,000 a year? When detective agencies sell their industrial service to industrialists, what are they selling? They don't always tell. Letters like the following, which spills the beans completely, are rare. It is from the Foster Service to a prospective client:

Your letter of July 28 is received. With reference to your inquiry about my experience and what I am prepared to do in case of disturbance, etc.

First. I will say that if we are employed before any union or organization is formed by the employees, there will be no strike and no disturbance. This does not say there will be no unions formed, but it does say that we will control the activities of

the union and direct its policies, provided we are allowed a free hand by our clients.

Second. If a union is already formed and no strike is on or expected to be declared within thirty or sixty days, although we are not in the same position as we would be in the above case, we could—and I believe with success—carry on an intrigue which would result in factions, disagreements, resignations of officers, and general decrease in the membership. . . .

That was written in 1920. It was unusual for an agency head to commit himself so openly then, and it is still more unusual today. The Foster Service was and still is small potatoes; none of the big boys ever make the mistake of allowing themselves such complete frankness. Asked to describe their work at the LaFollette hearings, Corporations Auxiliary heads talked glibly about selling the services of their "industrial engineers," and then admitted that none of their men were engineers. Pinkerton heads stressed the necessity for uncovering "radical activities" and "combatting communism"—and none of them were able to define the terms. Here is the testimony of Mr. James Smith, president of Corporations Auxiliary:

Senator LaFollette: What type of business are these companies engaged in, Mr. Smith?

Mr. Smith: They are engaged in the business of assisting manufacturers in increasing and improving their products both in quantity and quality and reducing their operating costs. That is their primary business.

Senator LaFollette: And how is that accomplished?

Mr. Smith: Well, it is accomplished on a very simple process. We feel that, in order to get efficiency and to get a good product, the first thing you have to have is harmony, if you can possibly get it, because without harmony you have no efficiency or anything else, and therefore we sometimes say we assist in harmonizing conditions in a plant.

It is difficult to tell from Mr. Smith's honeyed words exactly how his agency was able to assist in "harmonizing conditions in a plant." But the testimony of Mr. Herman Weckler, vice-president and general manager of the De Soto Motor Corp., a Chrysler subsidiary, gives us a clue. Remember that the Chrysler Corp. was Corporations Auxiliary's biggest client:

Senator LaFollette: Did you receive reports and did these reports, while you were receiving them, give information on meetings of union locals in which employees of the Chrysler plants were members?

Mr. Weckler: Yes, sir. . . .

Senator LaFollette: Did you receive reports on meetings of the district council of the United Automobile Workers?

Mr. Weckler: I think I have seen one or two of those, yes. . . .

Senator LaFollette: Now, through these reports, then, it is a fair statement to say that you are kept fully informed as to the strategy and plans of these locals and this district organization, is it not?

Mr. Weckler: Yes, sir.

Mr. Smith, president of Corporations Auxiliary, was an unwilling, evasive witness. His general manager, Mr. Dan Ross, was more willing but equally shifty. Mr. Ross picked up Smith's "harmonizing conditions" and added to it "promoting efficiency" as his descriptive term for the spying activities of

his operatives. Dan Smith and Ross were loquacious as ~~are~~ ^{are} right-lipped Pinkertons. The heads of this agency doing a million-dollar-a-year business could remember almost nothing at all, and what they did remember always had precious little to do with reporting on the union activities of their clients' workers. One afternoon when six of the agency heads were sitting on the stand tossing the questions around to one another without much success, a newspaper man sent up a note to Mr. Robert Wohlforth, the able secretary of the committee. The note read,

Six little Pinks sitting in a row,
Six little Pinks and none of them know.

That's bad poetry but it's good reporting. Judge for yourself:

Senator LaFollette: Mr. Pinkerton, will you take a look at that exhibit, please, [Pinkerton journal sheet] and tell me what kind of information you would say the agency would try to get for the United States Rubber Reclaiming Co.?

Mr. Pinkerton: Information dealing with sabotage, theft of material, and other irregularities.

Senator LaFollette: What would you include under "sabotage"?

Mr. Pinkerton: Damage to company property.

Senator LaFollette: Anything else?

Mr. Pinkerton: No, not if you take that in a general term.

Senator LaFollette: It goes on to say "also thefts of material." That is pretty obvious. But what about "and other irregularities"? What would you say that includes?

Mr. Pinkerton: That would include a great many things.

Senator LaFollette: What would it usually include?

Mr. Pinkerton: Probably discrimination, favoritism, and violation of rules and regulations.

Senator LaFollette then reads a report of a Pinkerton spy, dated May 16, 1936, describing a union meeting attended by some workers of the U. S. Rubber Reclaiming Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Senator LaFollette: Would you say that this report had to do with investigation of sabotage of the company's property, theft or other irregularities?

Mr. Pinkerton: No, sir.

Senator LaFollette: What would you say, Mr. Rossetter, about that?

Mr. Rossetter [vice president and general manager]: I would say it did not touch those points, but my impression is that that was a "Red" organization. I am not familiar with the names of the different units comprising the Communist Party or its supporters, but that report would cover—

Senator LaFollette (interposing): Would you say it had anything to do with the investigation of sabotage of the company's property, theft of materials, or other irregularities?

Mr. Rossetter: It might lead to sabotage if those people were the kind that I think they may be—Communists.

Senator LaFollette: Now, Mr. Rossetter, isn't it true that the description in the Pinkerton journal of sabotage, theft, and irregularity, often actually covers up investigations to be made of union activities? . . .

Mr. Rossetter: Well, if you can take that as a sample, I will have to say "yes" to it. . . .

Senator LaFollette: As a matter of fact, did not the agency undertake to report on the activities of unions within this plant and organizational efforts of the client's employees?

Mr. Rossetter: I have no personal knowledge of that, Senator. I could not say one way or the other.

Senator LaFollette: Do you know about it, Mr. Dudley?

Mr. Dudley [assistant general manager]: The only ones who would know about that, I presume, would be the division manager and the superintendent.

Senator LaFollette: Do you think the client would know what he hired you for, Mr. Pinkerton?

Mr. Pinkerton: I should think he would, yes, sir.

Senator LaFollette: I now offer an exhibit. It is a letter from L. J. Plumb, of the United States Rubber Reclaiming Co., to Charles F. Smith, dated August 5, 1935, re Pinkerton Agency. It is on the stationery of an inter-office memorandum and is as follows:

"I have yours of the 2nd in reference to this subject. You do not, however, tell me whether they have given you any information of value or importance. What have their reports amounted to?"

"Very truly yours,

"U. S. RUBBER RECLAIMING CO., INC.

"L. J. PLUMB, President."

On the back of this exhibit . . . is the reply:

8/6/35.

"Dear Mr. Plumb: The information contained in the Pinkerton reports has not resulted in any direct saving or profit. They cover the activities of both unions and report any meetings or other activities involving our employees or the rubber workers in this district. As stated in my letter of August 2nd, I consider this about the best arrangement that we could make for being informed of such activities. . . .

"C. F. SMITH."

Senator LaFollette: It would indicate that your client, Mr. Pinkerton, was actually interested in organizational activities, would it not?

Mr. Pinkerton: Yes, sir; it would.

Senator LaFollette: And it is obvious that your Buffalo office agreed to furnish the names of the employees of the clients who were active in union activities, is it not?

Mr. Pinkerton: This does not say that any names of employees are being furnished.

Senator LaFollette: Well, did they furnish that information?

Mr. Pinkerton: I do not know.

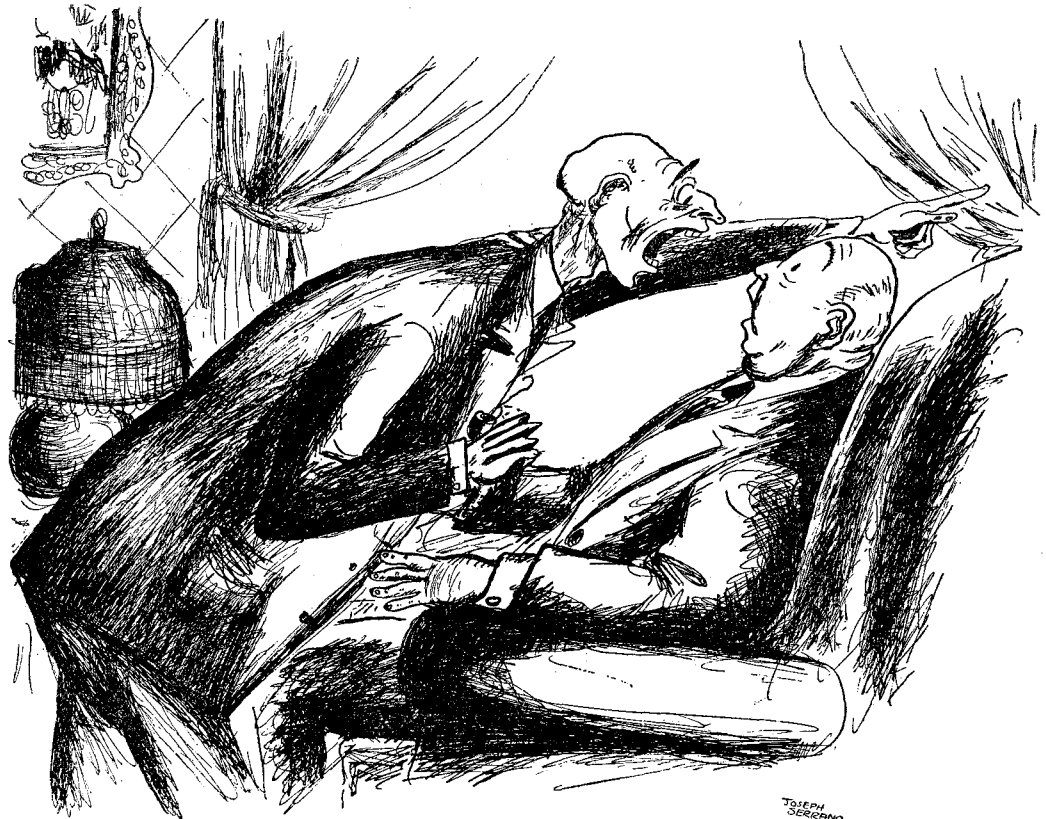
Senator LaFollette: Well, let us read this next exhibit.

"Informant reports: Tuesday, March 19, 1935.

"At headquarters of the Rubber Workers' Industrial Union and the Trade Union Unity League, Charles Doyle, J. J. Kissell, Angello Bustini, and several other members were heard to say a meeting of the employees of the U. S. Rubber Reclaiming Co. was held secretly at Liberty Hall, Jefferson and Bristol Sts., last evening, which was well attended and three members enrolled.

"It was learned that B. Brewer, Earl Ericks, John Jackson, Willard Dunsmore, and Herbert Zmanski, all employees of the U. S. Rubber Reclaiming Co., have agreed to serve on the organization committee."

Now the fact that the Pinkertons thus tried in every way to conceal the true character of their "industrial service" is not important. What is important is for us to understand what the nature of that work was. The testimony leaves no room for doubt—spy agencies are hired for the purpose of keeping the employer informed of any and all attempts on the part of the workers in a plant to better their conditions through organization; and to use any means, fair or foul, to destroy that organization. This was clear to the members of the National Labor Relations Board after listening to the evidence in the Fruehauf Trailer Co. case. "The Board found that the workers had been discharged because of their union activity and the company's policy was to disrupt the local of the United Automobile



"And there I was—face to face with the C.I.O.!"

Joseph Serrano

Workers' Federal Labor Union and so to defeat collective bargaining." How was this done? Excerpts from the Board report show the steps. First, Martin, a Pinkerton spy, is given employment in the plant.

He thereafter joined the union and eventually became its treasurer. He was thus able to procure a list of all the members of the union. He made reports more than once a week to the respondent (Fruehauf Trailer Co.), and the lists of members which he furnished were given to the respondent's superintendent, Halpin. With these lists in his hand Halpin went about the factory from time to time and warned various employees against union activities. The result of Martin's activities caused suspicion, unrest, and confusion among the employees. . . . Completely armed by Martin with the necessary information, the respondent determined to put a stop to all attempts on the part of its factory workers to form an efficient independent bargaining agency, and in furtherance of that purpose summarily discharged nine men and threatened three others with discharge. . . . As to the discharges we find: Nicholas Trusch was employed as a carpenter in the body shop of the respondent for five and a half years and had a good record, no fault ever having been found with his work or conduct. His foreman, Rosenbusch, asked him on July 15, 1935, "Do you want your job or your union?" When Trusch replied that he would not give up the union, he was discharged between 9 and 10 in the morning of the same day. . . . We find that Trusch was discharged for the reason that he joined and assisted the union.

The Board takes up the cases of the nine men, one by one, and its closing sentence is the same every time—"discharged for the reason that he joined and assisted the union." Here in graphic detail, in this N.L.R.B. report, is the story of industrial espionage.

Not the whole story, however. There's one other angle. The discharged men can find no other jobs—they are blacklisted everywhere, because they dared to join the union. They are thrown on the public relief rolls. Let Mr.

Edwin S. Smith, member of the N.L.R.B., appointed by the President, tell the tale, "I have never listened to anything more tragically un-American than stories of the discharged employees of the Fruehauf Trailer Co., victims of a labor spy. Man after man in the prime of life, of obvious character and courage, came before us to tell of the blows that had fallen on him for his crime of having joined a union. Here they were—family men with wives and children—on public relief, blacklisted from employment, so they claimed, in the city of Detroit, citizens whose only offense was that they had ventured in the land of the free to organize as employees to improve their working conditions. Their reward, as workers who had given their best to their employer, was to be hunted down by a hired spy like the lowest of criminals and thereafter tossed like useless metal on the scrap heap."

You can see from the tone of his testimony that Mr. Smith is angry because he thinks an injustice was done. He was disturbed, too, because he saw in labor espionage a danger to our democratic institutions. He said as much at this hearing in April 1936. That was before the sit-down strikes at General Motors and Chrysler occurred, and it should be full of meaning to those people who cannot understand why American workers have become so militant. Here is Mr. Smith's warning:

The aims of one group may be cordially detested by another, but for the stronger group to suppress the minority's right to express its opinion is to suppress democracy itself. Those who would encroach upon the civil liberties of any group are playing with dangerous and destructive fire. Democracy may be attacked from the right as well as from the left. The denial of civil liberties is itself an important step toward revolution.

(This is the first of a series of three articles on labor spies by Mr. Huberman.)

The Official Murders in Puerto Rico

The findings of the Hays investigating committee reveal hair-raising brutality on Palm Sunday and a lying cover-up by Governor Winship

Sections from the Investigators' Report

ON MAY 13, Arthur Garfield Hays arrived in Puerto Rico as representative of the American Civil Liberties Union to head a non-partisan investigation of the massacre at Ponce last Palm Sunday. Twenty people were killed in that massacre and almost two hundred wounded. The committee headed by Mr. Hays has now completed a report on its findings. It is one of the most smashing indictments of imperialist rule ever to see the light of day in our times. The full report runs to about thirty thousand words, too long for publication in the *NEW MASSES*. From it we have selected only those portions directly bearing on the massacre itself and on the responsibility for it. These have been translated from the Spanish version of the report by our correspondents in Puerto Rico, Eduardo and Benigno Ruiz, and are the first-published English version of the most important sections of the report. The sub-headings are our own.

Besides Mr. Hays, the members of the investigating committee were persons of unquestioned integrity and high standing in the Puerto Rican community. They were Mariano Acosta Velarde, president of the Puerto Rican Bar Association; Manuel Diaz Garcia, president of the Puerto Rican Medical Association; Lorenzo Pineiro, president of the Teachers' Association; Emilio Belevall, president of the Athenæum; Davilla Ricci, assistant editor of the *Mundo*; Francisco M. Zeno, editor of the *Correspondencia de Puerto Rico*; and Antonio Avuso, editor of the *Imparcial*.—THE EDITORS.

THE NATIONALIST PARTY

THE Nationalist Party is composed of men animated by a fanatical spirit that carries them to complete self-immolation. Apparently they consider the highest ideal is to die for one's country. The party is made up largely of young men. They use militant language and threaten to realize their end by means of force and revolution. They form groups and committees called Juntas Municipales and Juntas Nacionales, and they even send plenipotentiaries to foreign countries. Some of the Nationalists belong to the so-called Ejército Libertador (Army of Freedom); and for this purpose they teach military tactics. The members of the Ejército Libertador wear, at their parades, uniforms consisting of a black shirt and white trousers, with a small cap cocked jauntily on the side of the head. They use the Puerto Rican flag, not the American, and they sing the "Borinquena," not the "Star-Spangled Banner." The spirit of these men is kindled by the demand for self-determination for Puerto Rico. They don't ask for liberty as a gift, but demand it as a right.

Government authorities speak of the Ejército Libertador as though it were a military force. They suggest that unless precautions are taken, the "army" will use arms. It is the unanimous conclusion of this committee that the so-called Ejército Libertador does not use arms; that it does not have arms; that it

lacks what is essential for any army: military armaments.

Its true arms are those of propaganda, which is so fiery and intemperate that it has led some individuals to commit crimes, even to assassinate. Breakers of the law have been punished. On one occasion, the assassination of an American official was so atrocious that both the Puerto Rican and the American people were horrified. This official was held in high esteem in Puerto Rico. The effect of this crime, however, was somewhat dissipated when the assassins were killed by the police. The Puerto Ricans rightly believe that the police have no right to violate the law, that vengeance does not form part of their duties, and that a well-trained police force should take such care of those under arrest that the latter will feel safe in the custody of the police. It was said that the prisoners reached for some guns. They shouldn't have been put in a room where there were guns.

Under the pretext, however, that the Nationalists, who are comparatively few in number, are gangsters who may use force, and assuming that they have military arms, the government authorities believe, or pretend to believe, that all sorts of precautions are necessary to avoid bloodshed. One of these precautions seems to be the prohibition of public meetings and assemblies, not only of the Nationalists, but also of other groups. . . .

THE MATTER OF THE PARADE PERMIT

Several days before March 21, 1937, the Nationalists made public a statement that they planned to hold a parade in Ponce, and that, on the evening of that same day, they would hold a public meeting in the plaza. Apparently the government and the police were very wrought up over the suggested "provocation." The Nationalist Party, through the Junta Municipal of Ponce, asked the office of the mayor for a permit, although the municipal ordinances of Ponce require no permit whatever. . . . Nevertheless, an application was made for a permit. The mayor of Ponce was away. He had been in San Juan for several days. The Junta communicated with the acting mayor, who refused to assume the responsibility of granting the permit.

On Saturday night, March 20, the mayor returned to Ponce. After having consulted the local Nationalist leaders, he agreed to grant a permit for a parade of a civic nature, indicating specifically that no military parade should be held, whatever the meaning of that phrase may be.

Colonel Orbeta, chief of the Insular Police,

arrived in Ponce Sunday morning. He was there several days before consulting prominent citizens who advised him, after he had advised them, that the parade and meeting would be dangerous. The local chief of police, Captain Blanco, had written a letter to the Nationalists, dated March 20, in which he told them that "in pursuance of instructions that I have received from my superiors, the police will oppose the holding of the events, and it is my duty so to advise you."

Prior to March 21, and especially on that day, there was a considerable concentration of police forces in Ponce. The men were well armed with rifles, riot guns, sub-machine guns or repeating guns (known as Thompson guns), tear-gas bombs, revolvers, clubs, all the paraphernalia of force. Ordinarily, Ponce has a police force of thirty-five men; the number in Ponce on that day was between one hundred and fifty and two hundred.

Colonel Orbeta discussed the situation with Captain Blanco. They decided to find out whether the mayor had granted the permit and to insist that he revoke it if it was granted. Colonel Orbeta said he was tired of running all over the island every Sunday and that something had to be done to put an end to this; that some days before, he had conferred with government officials who had decided that it would be dangerous to permit the parade.

The mayor was not found immediately. Around noon, Colonel Orbeta and Captain Blanco finally located him. The mayor told them that he had granted the permit, but insisted that he had specifically limited it to a civil demonstration without military character.

Colonel Orbeta tried to show the mayor that the situation was dangerous. He revealed, according to testimony in the possession of the Legislative Committee [a different committee from the one headed by Mr. Hays.—Ed.] that he had information to the effect that the Nationalists planned to carry arms, and that he knew that an armed group had left Mayaguez to come to Ponce. Later, however, and in the same testimony, Colonel Orbeta, in speaking of this conversation, said that he had told the mayor that a procession of the Nationalist cadets might be disorderly, that he did not know but that somebody might act crazily and throw a stone at a store window or commit some other disorder. . . .

THE PERMIT REVOKED

Colonel Orbeta persuaded the mayor that he would have no trouble with the National-

ists; as Colonel Orbeta said, he was "a persuasive fellow," and he would tell them that he would try to find a means whereby the Nationalists might have in the future what at the moment "they could not have."

The mayor, finally convinced by Colonel Orbeta that the parade was a menace to the public peace, agreed to revoke the permit, and he immediately communicated this decision to the Nationalist leaders. When they asked the mayor why he had changed his mind, he answered that he had forgotten that March 21 was Palm Sunday—a religious festival—and that the Paulist Fathers had requested that no parade whatever be held on that day. The Nationalist leaders alleged that they had already made their preparations, that people were already coming from other towns of the island, and that the parade would be not only serious and orderly but also silent. They offered to confer with the Paulist Fathers to persuade them to withdraw their objection. The mayor, however, persisted in his attitude. From that moment on, and until about three in the afternoon, there were conferences in Ponce between Colonel Orbeta, Captain Blanco, and the leaders of the Nationalist Party, who insisted that they would be responsible for the cadets and that there would be no disorder. The conferences ended in thin air. Colonel Orbeta asked them to reconsider. Meanwhile, the police concentrated in large numbers around all the streets that lead to the Nationalist Club, which is situated on the corner of Aurora and Marina Streets. The Nationalists were arriving at the club, bringing their wives, mothers, and children to see the parade. There is evidence to the effect that those who were not Nationalists were kept away from Marina Street, between Aurora and Jobos Streets, and that only Nationalists were permitted to go through police cordons. About eighty of the Nationalists belonged to the cadet organization and arrived in uniform. . . .

WERE THE NATIONALISTS ARMED?

It was alleged that the Nationalists were dangerous. Photographs taken at the moment [before the shooting.—Ed.] do not reveal a single Nationalist with arms of any kind. This was admitted before the Legislative Committee by police officers. As the Nationalists wore black shirts and white trousers, any concealed weapon would easily have been discovered. It would have been easy for the police to search these men if they had any doubt in regard to the matter. . . .

THE AMBUSH

Not only the military rules brought to light by the testimony but even the most elementary common sense would seem to suggest that ample room should be left for escape.

Fortunately we do not have to rely upon verbal testimony. In moments of excitement, the observation of an individual is not completely reliable, and a later declaration, even in the case of the best witness, is likely to be colored by the imagination. Here we can rely



John Mackey

GOVERNOR BLANTON WINSHIP

"FULL responsibility for the killing of twenty people and wounding of close to two hundred others in the Palm Sunday riot at Ponce was placed squarely upon Governor Blanton Winship by Arthur Garfield Hays, general counsel for the American Civil Liberties Union, who returned May 24 from Puerto Rico after conducting hearings for nine days as head of a commission investigating suppression of civil liberties on the island.

"The shooting at Ponce was a massacre by police officials of innocent and unarmed Puerto Ricans," declared Mr. Hays in his report on the inquiry, submitted May 24 to the Board of Directors of the Civil Liberties Union. "The responsibility should rest on the governor, who ordered that the demonstration should not be permitted."—From a press release issued by the American Civil Liberties Union.

upon our own visual sense. Two photographers were on the balcony of the home of the Amy family in order to take pictures of the parade. This house, as will be seen, is next door to the corner of Aurora Street, and the balcony permits a complete view of the scene of the events. The newspapermen took many pictures of the changing scene. One photograph taken by José Luis Conde, of the *Mundo*, a few seconds before the beginning of the shooting (a copy of which accompanies this report), shows the police in a threatening attitude, closing in on the crowd from the north—that

is, from Aurora Street. It shows large groups of people—men, women, and children—on the corner of Marina and Aurora Streets, almost in front of the Nationalist Club. The photograph shows the cadets in formation, then the nurses, and behind these the police contingent with machine guns, under the command of Chief Perez Segarra. We have called attention to the fact that Colonel Orbeta and Captain Blanco, who apparently expected very serious and dangerous developments because of the presumed ferocity of the cadets, had gone to take a stroll around the city. Captain Blanco declared before the Legislative Committee that nobody remained in command of the police force, and that the assistant chiefs Soldevila and Perez Segarra, each with a police contingent under his command, had received no special instructions. . . .

THE FIRST SHOT

A few seconds after the taking of the photograph that has been mentioned, the other photographer, Carlos Torres Morales, photographer of the *Imparcial*, having observed the threatening attitude and activities of the police, raised his camera to eye-level. Before focusing, a shot was heard, perhaps two—he was not sure. He took the picture [included in the original report.—Ed.]. . . .

In it we see practically all of the policemen on Aurora Street across Marina Street, perhaps seventeen or eighteen men, ready to fire on the crowd. All appear with arms in their hands. One policeman is actually shooting. Although we have adduced the testimony of experts, this was really unnecessary because the policeman who is firing appears with the upper part of his arm extended towards the fleeing crowd. The forearm is hidden by another figure, but in the direction of the upper part of the arm, and beyond the other figure, there appears a white blur due to the explosion of the shot, and still further on appears the smoke of the firearm. The shot is fired directly against the civilians on the sidewalk. The man who is firing can be easily distinguished.

THE MASSACRE

The photograph shows something besides the fact that the police were ready to fire. It shows the police in action. It shows the Nationalist cadets—the Ejército Libertador—about sixty or seventy of them, standing in silence, motionless, with their hands down. In front of the cadets is what appears to be their commanding officer in a white uniform. Following him is a boy in a black shirt with his arm over the shoulder of his comrade. Behind them is the cadet who bears the flag. All the boys look somewhat startled, but are waiting patiently for the disaster. Not one is making a single movement. Behind the cadets appear the girls in their white uniforms, some of them fleeing. One has almost reached the sidewalk. This in itself corroborates the photographer's statement that the picture was taken after the shooting began. The picture did not include the members of the band, who were behind the girls. Behind the band

appear some fifteen policemen, a detachment of sub-machine guns or repeating rifles, all in action, although it is not clear whether they had begun to fire or not. . . .

THE MURDER OF THE LITTLE GIRL

Another witness who appeared before the committee, Jenaro Lugo, messenger of the mayor of Ponce, and member of the Union Republican Party, observed the scene from the balcony of the convent, which, as will be noted from the sketch, is directly in front of the Nationalist Club. He had gone up to this balcony when the police ordered him to withdraw from the street, apparently because he was not a Nationalist. There were also two little girls on the balcony, one of them thirteen years old. This witness had a clear view of the scene. He pointed out the picture of the policeman, who, he said, had fired the first shot. The face is easily distinguishable. The authorities will have no difficulty in bringing out at least enough evidence to try this policeman. Lugo did not remain on the balcony after the shooting began. He ran down the stairs of the balcony towards Marina Street and began to flee in the direction of Aurora Street. As there were policemen stationed at this point, he turned back, in time to see the body of the little girl fall over the railing of the balcony. He saw a policeman approach and riddle her with bullets. The condition of this little girl's body was so terrifying that, accustomed as Dr. Pila is to horrible scenes, he was nevertheless horrified by the mutilated body that was brought to his clinic. Lugo did not linger after this assassination, but sought refuge behind the walls of Dr. Pila's clinic. From there he saw the police opening fire on the backs of the defenseless crowd with sub-machine guns or Thompson repeating rifles. . . .

THE MURDER OF THE RODRIGUEZ FAMILY

We have mentioned the fact that members of the Rodriguez family, the father and three sons, had come from Mayaguez by automobile, and having parked it towards the south of Jobos Street, they got out and took places so as to watch the parade, in front of a shoe-repair shop on the south side of the building in which the Nationalist club is located. Rafael Rodriguez, eighteen years old, had calmly taken some pictures with his camera and was about to take some more. They had hardly reached the sidewalk when they heard shots. The father and two of the sons immediately threw themselves to the ground, face down—Rafael with his face towards the south, his feet towards the north, and his right hand stretched out towards the sidewalk. There was a volley. He heard his brother shout, "Ay!" and the father, apparently recognizing the last word of his son, rose to throw himself over the body of his wounded son in order to protect him. As the father rose, Rafael saw that his head was covered with blood. He was mortally wounded. Rafael stayed where he was for fifteen minutes, wounded in the right arm. From there

he was roughly raised by a policeman who threw him into a police wagon. . . .

THE MURDER OF THE GUARDSMAN

There were others in the wagon. Among them a young man, brutally wounded, was taken to the police wagon and thrown against the seat. He was bleeding from his nose, his mouth, and other parts of his body. All that Rafael could hear when the man tried to breathe was his halting and plaintive cry: "I am a National Guardsman. I am a National Guardsman." He repeated this over and over again until death silenced him. The evidence shows that this member of the National Guard was not in the parade but that he was going home by way of Aurora Street. A blood-thirsty policeman fired at him. He shouted, "I am not a Nationalist. I belong to the National Guard." The policeman kept on firing until the boy fell to the ground. Even then the policeman kept on firing.

MORE ON THE RODRIGUEZ MURDER

But there is another, more atrocious story about the Rodriguez family. It is to be noted that from somewhere—the source of information is not difficult to guess—there arose a rumor that a civilian had fired the first shot. Perez Marchand identifies for us the civilian under suspicion. He was a man, says Marchand, who had a son among the Nationalists. The story was that, fearful that the police might wound his son, the father fired at the police. Why he did such a thing, if his purpose was to protect his son, is beyond our comprehension. But that is the story. This story was corroborated by four different witnesses. But the father of Rafael was dead so that he could neither deny the story nor defend his reputation. The boy declared on the witness stand: "I am interested in the truth in order to vindicate my father. I want the truth to be told in the newspapers, not only in Puerto Rico but also in the United States, so that everybody may know that my father was an honorable man and a gentleman." Other facts demonstrate conclusively that Mr. Rodriguez met his death while he was amusing himself in what ordinarily constitutes an innocent pastime—he was watching a parade pass by. In the first place, the photo shows that Rodriguez was in the center of a group of civilians, and that a dense group of men separated him from the police. Nevertheless, it is said that the first shot came from this man. Then there is the curious fact that the man who fired the first shot was killed, but that, nevertheless, no gun was found anywhere near him on the street; as a matter of fact, no gun was found anywhere in any of the streets. . . .

THE MURDERS OF THE MAYAGUEZOS

Other witnesses from Mayaguez relate horrifying stories. Julio de Santiago was a leader of the Mayaguez Junta. He took his wife to the parade. He found himself in front of the Nationalist Club when the firing

began. The pressure of the crowd trying to take refuge within the club threw him to the ground. Inside there was terrible confusion, with wounded stretched everywhere. There were no bandages; there were no women to give first aid; the men did the best they could. They used their shirts as bandages. A long time passed before any ambulance arrived. The doors of the club had been closed because they feared a mass assassination. Trying to get help for a wounded and apparently dying woman, they opened the door and waved a white handkerchief as a banner of peace. They were answered with a volley. The door was closed. The marks of the volley appear on the building.

Of the people who came from Mayaguez, four men were killed, of whom two were young cadets. There were six wounded. In the parade there were six girls from Mayaguez wearing nurses' uniforms. One of them was wounded. The director of the nurses' group was Dominga Cruz de Becerril. She told her story calmly but firmly. The police with Thompson rifles, when they began shooting, were behind the nurses. The girls began to run. One of them was wounded. Dominga went immediately to help her, a young cadet approached. Dominga noted then that the flag-bearer of the girls' group had fallen. She went to the middle of the street and raised the banner. We asked her why. She answered simply: "My master has said that the banner should always be kept raised." The "master" is Pedro Albizu Campos, now in prison, convicted of conspiracy to overthrow the government of the U. S. One cannot avoid feeling humble before such heroism. . . .

WAS THERE FIRING FROM THE ROOFS?

It has been said that there was shooting from the rooftops. We shall refer to this later on. It is enough to say that not one of the witnesses who testified before this committee said that he had seen anybody on the roofs. All the houses in the immediate vicinity of the tragedy are inhabited by people of high standing. The fact that it was said that there had been firing from the roofs made Mr. Sanchez Frasqueri so indignant that he decided to testify against the police from the very beginning of the investigations. Mr. Sanchez Frasqueri is one of the citizens of best reputation and greatest distinction in Ponce. He denied the calumny that had been raised against that reputable neighborhood. He lives in the eastern part of Marina Street, between Luna and Aurora Streets. On Palm Sunday he went to a social center on the other side of the street and was amusing himself at a card game with three friends of his. Suddenly they heard shots. The first shot sounded like the explosions from a starting motorcycle. When this detonation was repeated, all ran to a balcony of the house from which they could see Luna Street. As they could see nothing on that street, they ran to the other balcony, some sixty yards away, from which Marina Street was visible. When they reached the other balcony, the volleys had

already ceased, and in spite of this, according to the declaration of the witness, there were shots at intermittent intervals for about half an hour. As soon as Sanchez Frasqueri looked out from the other balcony, he saw a man who was lying in the street and trying to raise himself. The first impression had been that he was a dead man, but when the man lay down again, it became clear that he had thrown himself to the ground to save himself from the bullets. Two policemen approached this man who was lying on the ground, as though to attack. At this moment, Mr. Sanchez Frasqueri shouted to them, "Don't kill him!" One of the chiefs of police came up when he realized that Sanchez Frasqueri was looking on. The chief ordered the men to abandon their intention. The next time that Sanchez Frasqueri saw this same man (he found out later that he was a painter), the man had a bandage around his head. This man told Sanchez Frasqueri that he had been put into a police ambulance and that there the police had clubbed him over the head.

While Sanchez Frasqueri was on the balcony, he received a telephone call from his house on the other side of the street. His son told him that his home was full of women, children, and others who had sought refuge there, and he asked his father what he should do. Sanchez Frasqueri went to his home. When he entered, he realized that the house was full of tear gas, or of odors that apparently were of that kind of gas. The people who were in the home of Sanchez Frasqueri were filled with panic. Some of them wanted to leave immediately for fear that the police would catch them there as though in a rat-trap.

On Marina Street, between Luna and Aurora Streets, Mr. Sanchez Frasqueri saw a corpse on the ground that remained there until two civilians approached and raised it to carry it to the hospital. Near the corner of Luna Street (seventy-five yards from the Nationalist Club where the cadets had formed their ranks) Mr. Sanchez Frasqueri observed the mutilated body of a man already dead who had written in blood on the wall of a building and who, while dying, continued to write the word "valiant" (*valiente*). This person got only as far as the first three letters "v-a-l," and then he fell. . . .

WERE THE NATIONALISTS RESPONSIBLE?

What is the basis for the assertion that the Nationalists were responsible for the killing? It is said that a civilian fired a shot. This has already been answered. It is said that some men fired from the roofs. The evidence received by this committee is against this assumption. Mr. Francisco Parra Capo, outstanding lawyer and leader of the Union Republican Party, referring to this, said: "The police saw Nationalists even in the clouds. I know the neighborhood. It is unjust to say that the people who live there either fired or permitted firing from their homes." Another resident of Ponce, Dr. de la Pila Iglesias,

when asked if he feared to attend a Nationalist parade, answered, "Of course not." And when asked if he would be afraid to attend one if the police were there, he said, "That's different. I would fear for my life."

It was said by the police that there were arms in the Nationalist Club. The police were firing in front, behind, and on the right and left sides; in reality one of the chiefs of police declared before the Legislative Committee that he had become crazed from the effects of the gases of the tear-gas bombs and that he found himself in the convergence of the four lines of fire. From the proof it appears that two policemen were killed and some six wounded. It is strange that there were no more dead or wounded policemen.

GOVERNOR WINSHIP'S REPORT

On March 22 the governor of Puerto Rico rendered a report to the secretary of the interior of the U. S. which reads as follows:

I am profoundly moved by the events that occurred yesterday in Ponce. From the information that I have received as the result of investigations carried out by judges, district attorneys, and other government officials in Ponce, as well as from information derived from other trustworthy sources, the following are deduced to be the facts of the case:

Several days ago, it was announced in the papers of the country that on Sunday, March 21, 1937, there would be held in Ponce a concentration of the divisions of the so-called "Ejército Libertador" of the Nationalist Party. The announcement in question was written in the form of a military order. The chief of the Insular Police went to Ponce last Friday, March 19, and conferred with various prominent citizens and with the local chief of police. All those who participated in this conference were of the opinion that the concentration and parade announced, if they were permitted, would possibly bring as a result disorders and bloodshed. Later on, during the course of the day, the insular chief of police [Colonel Orbeta—Ed.] held a conference with me, and it was decided, in view of these allegations, that it was in the interests of public order that the concentration and parade planned by the Nationalists should not be permitted. The next day the chief of police of Ponce informed the insular chief of police here that he had been notified by the Nationalists that they proposed to hold the concentration and parade on Sunday, March 21.

On said day the chief of the Insular Police went again to Ponce, where he received information to the effect that the mayor of the city had authorized the holding of the concentration and the parade, but after he had exchanged views with the mayor and they had carefully considered the circumstances, the mayor decided to annul the permit that had been granted, which was done immediately in writing. In view of this situation police reserves were sent

to Ponce from several points of the island. Soon after noon of March 21, a group of Nationalists, most of them wearing the uniform of the "Ejército Libertador," appeared in formation before the headquarters of their party. Also there were men posted on the roofs and balconies overlooking the highway. Two of the Nationalist leaders, Graciani and Quesada, asked for an interview with the chief of the Insular Police in police headquarters in Ponce. The interview took place, and the chief of police explained carefully to them the gravity of the situation and the serious possibilities inherent in the same. He told them that a parade of a civil nature could be held at any time in the future so long as it was not of the divisions of the so-called "Ejército Libertador." The two Nationalist leaders were apparently convinced of the dangers involved in a parade through the streets of Ponce. The chief of the Insular Police went to the extreme of offering to appear personally to explain to the assembled Nationalists the seriousness of the situation, and he waited more than half an hour in his office in order to determine whether his suggestions had been favorably received. However, he got no news from the Nationalists.

At 3:30 p.m. the band of the Nationalists played the "Borinquena," at the end of which the command of "forward" was given by the head of the column of Nationalists, thus showing that they were determined to carry out their plan of holding a parade. The local chief of police warned them then in a loud voice that the parade was forbidden. Immediately two shots were fired by the Nationalists, the first wounding a policeman who was at the left of the chief, and the second the policeman who was at the right of the chief. A general exchange of shots occurred then between the Nationalists and the police, many of which were fired by the Nationalists, and also from the street, from the roofs and balconies on both sides of the street. The shooting lasted about ten minutes until the chief of the Insular Police arrived at the place of the events and helped to restore order. The casualties amounted to ten killed [others died later of wounds—Ed.] and fifty-eight wounded, including one policeman killed and seven wounded.

Later on the police entered and searched the Nationalist headquarters, in front of which the column had formed. Inside said headquarters, the police found dead and wounded Nationalists, pistols, revolvers, and munitions. There was also taken a secret order of the local Nationalist leader in which he gave specific instructions to the members of the so-called "Ejército Libertador" to come to the city of Ponce dressed as civilians and telling them that they should don their uniforms in private houses before coming, individually, to the Nationalist headquarters, taking care not to appear publicly in groups.

The civil authorities, immediately after the occurrence of these lamentable happenings, began their investigations, and I have given specific instructions that these be carried on with speed and energy. A number of arrests have been made. I have the firm conviction that during the two visits made by the Insular Police chief to Ponce, he employed every means of persuasion to point out the possible dangers involved in the parade, and to dissuade the leaders from their insistence in carrying out their plans, with the purpose of avoiding a conflict. The preliminary investigation that has been carried out seems to show that both he and the officers and men under his command showed great patience, consideration, and understanding in dealing with the situation.

BLANTON WINSHIP, Governor.

THE COMMITTEE REPLIES

It should be noted that in this report the governor talks of investigations by "judges, district attorneys, and other officials of Ponce," and of "other trustworthy sources." The testimony before us does not show that a report was submitted by any judge. If such a report



Tromka

was made, the judge certainly was not very active in the investigation. The "other officials" of Ponce we have been unable to find. The official investigation was made by the district attorney, the attorney in office at that time. We don't know either what is comprehended in the term "and other trustworthy sources," unless it refers to Colonel Orbeta and Chief Blanco, neither of whom was present when the events took place. The district attorney of Ponce at that time was Rafael V. Perez Marchand. The first report of Perez Marchand to the governor was the only one at hand when the above-mentioned message was sent. ... Perez Marchand appeared before this committee and declared that he was district attorney of Ponce on March 21, 1937, and that he had served in that capacity for four years. The first news he had of the massacre (in the future we shall use this appropriate designation) was rather late in the afternoon. The massacre occurred between three and four o'clock in the afternoon. It is true that Perez Marchand was at his country home, but this was only ten minutes away, and it was known where he was. Nobody in the Police Department notified him of the affair until about six o'clock in the afternoon, when Orbeta's car with policemen in it arrived at his house. He was told that "something terrible had happened."

He was told that the Nationalists had fired at the police, that a general exchange of shots from both sides had taken place, and that police, Nationalists, and others had been killed. The policeman who occupied Orbeta's car still carried his Thompson gun. Perez Marchand asked him, "Have you killed anybody?" The reply was, "I hope to God I haven't, but I don't know." Perez Marchand smelled the fire-arm, from which there came a penetrating odor of recently burned powder.

CONFIDENTIAL DOCUMENT

On March 22, the day before the governor's radio broadcast, Perez Marchand rendered a report to the governor. In the hearing he told us that he did not feel at liberty to show it to us, since he felt that it might be regarded as a confidential document. Still another report was made by Perez Marchand on March 24, but the same considerations applied to this as to the former one. A third report was rendered on April 2. This report was published by the press. It was submitted to the committee. It did not bear out the story as told by the governor. Then we communicated with the attorney general. We asked him to relieve Perez Marchand of any obligation of secrecy if there was any, so that we might see those other reports, the first of which we assumed must have been used as an adequate basis for any report of the governor to the secretary of the interior. We called the attention of the attorney general to the fact that although Perez Marchand had given all the testimony that he could, there was further evidence to which we thought we had a right. Perez Marchand was not relieved of his obligation. The attorney general, when he ap-

peared before this committee, said that he would consider the matter.

THE COMMITTEE INSISTS

On May 19, 1937, the chairman of the committee telegraphed to Perez Marchand as follows: "The attorney general answered our petition that you be relieved of obligation of keeping secret the confidential testimony, that his answer was unnecessary since you had already testified. We have been unable to obtain any other answer from him, although we informed him that you had kept back considerable information. Since the governor made a report that he said was based largely on yours, and since he made public that report, don't you think that this relieves you of your obligation and that it is your duty as a citizen to reveal the facts? If you agree that this is so, could you come to San Juan tonight and testify as our last witness? (Signed) Arthur Garfield Hays."

In answer, the following telegram was received from Perez Marchand:

I am so incapacitated by a bronchial infection that I feel unable to travel in order to submit additional evidence before your committee; but considering the recent testimony of the attorney general and the report of the governor, I accede to your telegraphic request, and remit a certified copy by special delivery of my first and second reports on the Ponce massacre, until now retained by me, so that you may confirm the fact that I never informed the Department of Justice that a Nationalist had fired the first shot, and what is more, that I never reported that hidden shooters fired at the police from the roofs or buildings as a certain authority reported to Washington. Later, I was confronted with the alternative of maintaining constitutional liberties and truth at the cost of a slight sacrifice or of gaining personal advantages at the price of my concept of civic duties, and I did not hesitate to resign my position in order to be in accord with liberty and the constitution.

It is unnecessary to state that the reports which Perez Marchand rendered then and which we have copied above [in the full text of the original.—Ed.] do not in any way sustain the data in the governor's report.



Woodcut by G. Pas Perez (A. C. A. Gallery)

The third report says that there was some evidence to the effect that a citizen had fired the first shot.

1. But no statement was made to the effect that a Nationalist had fired. Reference has been made to the unfounded accusation against Rodriguez, Sr., who was killed. Perez Marchand said that he was under the impression that the son who was killed was a Nationalist. But the evidence shows that neither were Nationalists.

2. After saying that the Nationalist band played the "Borinquena" and a march, and that at the end, the order of "forward" was given by a Nationalist leader, the governor's report continues to say that the "local chief of police announced that the parade was forbidden." As a matter of fact, the local chief was Captain Blanco, and he was not there, but we will overlook this, since the governor may have been thinking about a chief of police of some other town. The error was probably due to a confusion between officers; we don't know exactly. But it appears strange that no mention is made of the fact that both the local chief and the colonel of the Insular Police were absent and that there was nobody in command.

A FALSEHOOD EXPLODED

3. The governor's report says: "Immediately two shots were fired by the Nationalists, the first hit a policeman who was standing at the left of the chief and the second a policeman who was on the right of the chief." This is not only false as a matter of fact, but also there is nothing in the report of Perez Marchand that can be interpreted in that way. In the first place, there is here the same confusion about the "local chief of police" that we have noted before. In the second place, there was never any information from the district attorney to the effect that the first shot was fired by a Nationalist. Perez Marchand never went further than to say that there was some evidence to the effect that a citizen might have fired the first shot.

It is also false that the first shot hit a policeman who was standing to the left of the chief. This is shown by the photograph mentioned above [Exhibit 2 of the committee's report—Ed.] Since the message or report says that the first shot was fired by a citizen, it is obvious that the shot seen in the photograph is not the first shot (if the report is exact). So that if what the governor says is true, it is logical to expect to see a policeman on the ground, for according to this statement, the first shot hit a policeman standing to the left of the chief. But the photograph not only shows that no policeman had fallen, but on the contrary, shows that all are standing and in action. Chief Soldevila, who was in charge of the forces at the spot of the first shooting, is, as the photograph shows, in the foreground of the same. There is no policeman directly on his left. The closest to his left is several paces away, and his perfect state of health is demonstrated by his military posture of attack.

A like observation applies to the second shot which it was alleged (by the governor) had killed another policeman standing at the right

of the chief. As a matter of fact, the man who appears to the right of the chief is the Nationalist leader. Not only are there not two fallen policemen on the ground, but there isn't even one. The photo shows beyond contradiction that at the moment when the police were firing (the photo shows the police firing), no policeman had been hit by a shot, unless in this big police reunion which is seen in the photo, in which all are drawing their guns and are about to fire, there are two heroes who, in spite of having been shot, remain standing without showing any sign of it either by vacillation or by any sort of gesture.

THE ROOF MYTH

4. The report of the governor continues: "Then there occurred between the Nationalists and the police a general exchange of shots, with the Nationalists firing from the streets. This shooting lasted ten minutes. There were also men stationed on the roofs and balconies overlooking the street." As a matter of fact, there was nobody on any roof, and there were no shots from any roof or balcony. Perez Marchand said in his telegram that he had never reported that. Neither is there any reference to this in his reports which we are fortunate enough to have before us now. Only two of the houses of the neighborhood have terraces on the roofs. There is no witness who has seen anyone on any roof.

The photographers who were taking pictures for their papers took careful note. The only people on the balconies, so far as we have discovered, were onlookers who were among our witnesses. These observers include Sanchez Frasqueri, who was on the eastern side of the street on a balcony some 150 feet away and who had a complete view of the scene; José Luis Conde and Torres Morales, the photographers, who were on the balcony of Mr. Amy's house just above the scene of the events and not more than forty feet away; Janaro Lugo, who was on the convent balcony just opposite the Nationalist Club near which the shooting began; Julio Conesa, who was on the balcony of the Protestant church building almost directly above the contingent of Perez Segarra with their machine-guns. If the public officials had placed observers before the events in places suitable for seeing what happened on Marina Street, from Luna Street to Jobs Street, they couldn't have found better positions. All these men (the eye-witnesses) are respected citizens, totally disinterested, and none of them are Nationalists. Very few of them were called by the authorities to testify in the inquiry concerning the affair.

ANOTHER LIE

5. The report to the secretary of the interior says also: "After this the police searched the Nationalist Club, in front of which the column was formed, and there they found a number of dead and wounded Nationalists, revolvers, pistols, munitions, etc." This is true only in part. The police found a number of wounded and dead Nationalists, but they found no pistols, revolvers, or munitions.

It is said that the police took six or seven



Woodcut by Mendez

pistols. The Nationalists whom we questioned and who were in the headquarters (office of the Nationalist Club) before and after the events told us that there were no pistols. When the committee questioned Lorenzo Piñero, one of the Nationalist leaders, about how it was possible that the police had found the pistols, he answered as follows: "I am surprised that they didn't find tanks and machine guns, too."

Fortunately, we had the advantage of obtaining evidence from irreproachable witnesses in regard to this fact. Two lawyers of Ponce, Ramos Antonini and Gutierrez Franqui, had been standing on the southeast corner of Aurora and Marina Streets waiting for the parade to begin. While they were talking, they met there a friend, Mr. Guillermo Vivas Valdivieso, editor of the *Dia* of Ponce. This friend informed them that he had been eating with Colonel Orbeta. On the witness stand, he said: "When the Nationalists gave the order of 'march' I was there in those very moments; I had somebody who protected me. If I had stayed there, perhaps I would not be here to testify." The witness added: "I wish to add as a citizen who loves and respects order, that the attitude of the Insular Police towards a city that has always conducted itself with great order and respect was very much the contrary of what I think it should have been."

THE FRAME-UP

At any rate, Mr. Gutierrez Franqui and Ramos Antonini remained on the corner after the shooting had begun. Then they sought shelter on the north side of Aurora Street. Mr. Gutierrez Franqui testified about the shooting by the police. When the excitement had died down, he and Ramos Antonini came out of their respective places of refuge. They met Colonel Orbeta, who was now on the scene. Orbeta said that he was going to search for arms, and he asked these two men as public-spirited citizens (in the absence of public officers) if they were willing to come with

him in order to certify the good faith of the search. These men joined Colonel Orbeta. When they entered the Nationalist Club, they saw a policeman with a revolver approach them and heard him say, "Chief, look what I found." Then they entered and saw that a minute search was being made which included even the tank of the water closet. It is reasonable to suppose that the pistols were not in the building and were not found there.

Moreover, one may very well ask: if the Nationalists proposed to do harm by force of arms, why and for what earthly purpose would they have left their pistols inside the Nationalist Club?

This committee maintains the unanimous opinion that the Nationalist cadets at no time had pistols either on their persons or in the club at Ponce and that this statement in the report to the Department of the Interior lacks any basis in fact.

On the other hand, it is necessary to recognize the fact that the one who drew up that report received information from Perez Marchand to the effect that the police had taken six or seven firearms.

6. The report continues, stating that a secret proclamation of the local Nationalist leader was found "giving specific instructions to the members of the so-called 'Ejército Libertador' to report to Ponce without uniform and to don their uniforms in private houses, and then to report one by one to the Nationalist Club, taking care not to appear publicly in groups." It is difficult to conceive why such an order had to be secret, or why anybody should believe that the Nationalists would gain anything by putting on their uniforms elsewhere than in their own homes. When the Mayaguez group, to be specific, left their home town, quite distant from Ponce, those who were cadets were wearing their uniforms.

CONCLUSION

7. The report to the secretary of the interior says: "From the preliminary investigations it is evident that he (referring to the chief of the Insular Police) showed great patience, consideration, and understanding, as did also the officers and men under his command."

8. These statements in the report praising the chief of police as well as his officers and men are the most objectionable error of all those made in the message. Instead of showing "patience, consideration, and understanding in dealing with the situation," the chief of the Insular Police and the local chief of police were not there when they were needed, and there was nobody in command.

Instead of patience, consideration, and understanding on the part of the other chiefs (besides the two who were absent) and on the part of the men, the words necessary to describe their conduct would be lack of consideration, blind blood-thirstiness, and vicious destruction of lives.

And it is opportune to point out that, nevertheless, the people of Puerto Rico considered the police, before it was militarized, as a courteous and friendly organization.



"WE REFUSE TO RECOGNIZE..."

William Gropper

NEW MASSES

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Open War

THE shelling of Almeria by a German naval squadron has inaugurated a new stage in the Spanish war. In essence, it signifies that both Italy and Germany have decided that the insurgents must gain a speedy victory or no victory at all. It is no secret that the fascist dictatorships of Germany and Italy inspired and planned the Franco uprising. Both powers have poured so many of their own troops, planes, tanks, and munitions into Spain that an aggressive, ruthless intervention was apparent from the first. Instead of intimidating the Spanish people, this intervention served to stiffen the defense. The war on the loyalist side became one for national preservation as well as democracy.

That Hitler and Mussolini have thrown off all the grim fictions by which they tried to combine force with fraud is testimony of desperation on their part. They are in too deeply to draw out unless absolutely forced to do so, and they hope to prevent such an eventuality by their last thrust: full and open warfare.

The resignations of Italy and Germany from the London Non-Intervention Committee now put the matter squarely before France and Great Britain, the powers responsible for maintaining the neutrality farce. There is no longer even the glimmer of reason behind the refusal of both powers to sell arms to the Spanish government. It can no longer be said that the fascist powers can be tricked into "neutrality." It can only be said that the fascist powers blackmailed the democratic ones.

As for our own country, the present crisis confronts the recently passed Neutrality Act with its first real test. The act is now in operation against Spain to the damage of Spanish democracy. Will the President declare Germany and Italy at war with Spain, as demanded by Senator Borah, and invoke the act against the fascist powers? Failure to do so will be a clear violation of the very terms of the act.

Both Hitler and Mussolini leave no doubt

that the bombardment of Almeria was a joint venture, though carried out by the German fleet. Twenty-four hours after the actual shelling, the *Piccolo*, afternoon edition of the semi-official *Giornale d'Italia*, served notice of an imminent Italian expeditionary force against Spain. Those were exactly the terms used for the invasion of Ethiopia. This similarity characterizes the present phase of the Spanish war.

The destruction of Almeria was in the tradition of primitive arrogance which once distinguished the Hohenzollern clique. On the mere assertion that the German cruiser *Deutschland* was bombed without provocation by loyalist planes, Hitler took upon himself the roles of examining attorney, judge, and executioner, as Samuel Kagan, the Soviet spokesman at the Non-Intervention Committee, aptly put it. No attempt was made to refute authentic loyalist reports that the *Deutschland* had first fired on loyalist planes when discovered in the French patrol zone in flagrant violation of the agreement.

This fascist *Uebermensch* can be dealt with effectively only by the united strength of the free and democratic peoples. The governments of Great Britain, France, and the United States must be forced to join the Soviet Union in a forthright defense of democratic Spain. In that direction only lies the hope of averting a world war in the coming, critical period.

Life or Property

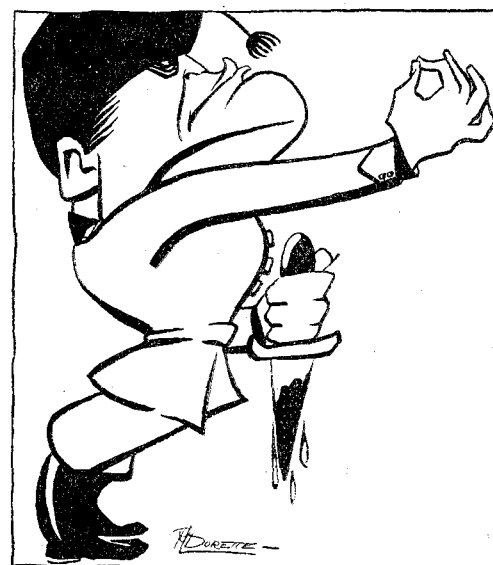
WHEN the C.I.O. announced that it intended to organize the steel industry, observers anticipated mass murder and all the sanguinary incidents that marked the steel empire's dealings with its employees in the past. It remained for Republic Steel to revive the old barbaric tradition. In South Chicago, near the Republic plant, police used tear gas, clubs, and guns against men and women marching peacefully toward the picket lines. Five deaths and almost a hundred injuries resulted. Mayor Kelly was not unduly disturbed. Commenting on the "riot," he attributed it to "outside mobs who came into Chicago to make trouble." The mayor had previously expressed his confidence that "the well-disciplined police" would fulfil its duty to protect "life and property." Frank A. Lauerman, superintendent of public relations for Republic Steel, said his concern planned to make no statement because the riot did not occur on company property. But Van A. Bittner, regional director of the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee (S.W.O.C.), before a mass meeting of 5000 strikers and sympathizers, described the "riot" victims as "those brave soldiers who were murdered by the Chicago police." Several investigations are under way.

There is little doubt that the buccaneers of the independent steel companies had a working foreknowledge of Mayor Kelly's definition of "life and property." Their confident preparations for conflict testify to this. These economic royalists were a little late getting started, but they are running true to form. Newspapermen and photographers, fired on from company grounds, are learning what happens when steel kings "mean business." The steel organizing campaign has left its honeymoon period when contracts with Carnegie-Illinois and Jones & Laughlin were signed by negotiation. The independents have chosen industrial warfare, but they have made their decision too late for victory.

Twenty Murders

NO indictment of American imperialism in recent years has been so conclusive and utterly damning as that of the non-partisan committee, headed by Arthur Garfield Hays, which has just completed its inquiry into the massacre at Ponce, Puerto Rico, on Palm Sunday. The committee's report (the most important sections of which we publish exclusively this week) places the full responsibility for the massacre of twenty people, the strangulation of civil liberty, and the denial of academic freedom squarely on Governor Blanton Winship. After reading this document, no American who cherishes the causes for which our war for liberation from British imperialism was fought can fail to support the people of Puerto Rico in their demand for complete freedom.

We have been informed on good authority that Dr. Ernest Gruening, head of the Puerto Rico Reconstruction Administration and the U.S. government's liberal front on the islands, made strenuous efforts to get the investigating committee to soften its indictment. The committee refused. Governor Winship and Dr. Gruening hastened to



Dorsette

Il Duce—Plans Second Invasion

Washington to present their case against the report. The nature of this "case" may be judged from the news that pressure by the State Department succeeded in keeping out of the press a release by the Civil Liberties Union on May 24 giving the Hays committee's conclusions.

There is little wonder in all this, considering the three main conclusions of the Hays committee:

(1) "That the Insular Police on instructions from the governor refused to permit a group of Nationalist cadets, perhaps eighty of them in number, to engage in a peaceful parade; that the cadets, in the face of fifty or seventy policemen armed with revolvers, shotguns, machine guns, and tear-gas bombs, were given the command 'Forward march!' and stepped forward one or two paces when the police opened fire on them and the crowd. The fire came from three or four different directions so that the police themselves were in their own cross-fire.

(2) "That civil liberties for the last nine months have been denied the people where they wished to hold parades and demonstrations, on subjects that interested them, such as Puerto Rican independence, the attitude of Governor Winship, and the conviction for a conspiracy of leaders of the Nationalist Party.

(3) "That the University of Puerto Rico has passed regulations under which teachers who take part in any of these activities may be penalized or lose their jobs; that such regulations are for the purpose of curbing civil liberty and should be canceled."

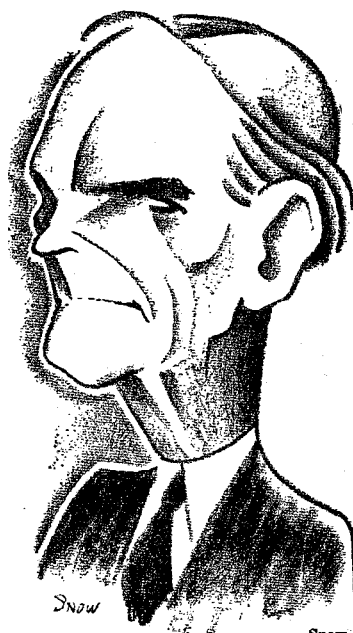
The NEW MASSES has wired President Roosevelt as follows:

"WE URGE YOU IMMEDIATELY SUSPEND GOVERNOR WINSHIP OF PUERTO RICO PENDING OFFICIAL INVESTIGATION HIS RESPONSIBILITY MURDER OF TWENTY PERSONS AND WOUNDING ALMOST TWO HUNDRED OTHERS AT PONCE ON PALM SUNDAY STOP HE HAS BEEN DECLARED RESPONSIBLE FOR MASSACRE BY NON-PARTISAN INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE HEADED BY ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS WHOSE MOST IMPORTANT FINDINGS WE PUBLISH THIS WEEK."

We have also wired Senator Robert LaFollette, chairman of the Senate Civil Liberties Committee, urging an immediate investigation into Governor Winship's role in the Ponce massacre and into Governor Winship's general administration of Puerto Rico. We urge our readers to send similar messages to President Roosevelt and Senator LaFollette demanding action by both.

Frankenstein vs. Ford

HENRY FORD'S private cops deliberately singled out union leader Richard T. Frankenstein among workers



Henry Ford—Conveyor Belt to Fascism

distributing leaflets in an organization drive. They gave him and his companions a systematic and cold-blooded beating. This episode emphasizes the fact that Ford's history is a carefully organized conveyor belt to fascism. When spies, rumors, leaflets, and intimidations fail to halt the auto workers in the exercise of their legitimate right to organize, Ford resorts to more strenuous methods. The storage rooms of his factories are filled with machine guns, tear gas, private detectives, and thugs.

Ford's criminal violence against his employees is not the result of hysteria; it is premeditated. In 1932, when 5000 unemployed Ford workers marched toward the Dearborn plant to ask for jobs or relief, they were met with tear gas and icy water from fire hose. Then Ford turned his machine guns on the marching workers, killing five of them. Two years earlier, in 1930, Ford used similar methods in Brazil. Hundreds of peons on his rubber plantation were shot down for striking against a slave wage of twelve cents a day.

Ford has supported anti-Semitism in the United States, the Black Legion, and Hitler himself. His benevolent wage for 1937 is \$850 a year. Naturally his workers want to protect themselves by a trade union. Last week, when cards with printed "Fordisms" failed to halt unionization, Ford's thugs cracked down upon the workers with violence.

Such methods are not confined to Ford. Espionage, provocation, and blood are the instruments of all the industrial companies in their fight against unionization. This much the LaFollette committee investigating labor spies has definitely established. The name of Richard Frankenstein came up in that investigation. It begins the series of articles by Leo Huberman starting in this

issue of the NEW MASSES. Those articles deserve the closest attention, for they vividly picture the methods of the industrial dynasties which use the most barbarous methods against their employees as a matter of routine.

Life Begins at "40-40"

THE Black-Connery Bill is coming in for rough treatment at reactionary hands. The only feature in the bill which has not yet been met with a frontal attack is that which bars child labor—but the attack on that sector is sure to come. Other provisions, notably one placing a limitation on hours of work and another setting a minimum wage, are criticized for a variety of reasons. It is argued sectional and industrial diversities are so great and so integral a part of our economy that national wage-and-hour standards are impossible; that all such problems should be left to the individual states; that administration would prove hopelessly difficult and complicated; that there are depressed trades which cannot stand a jump in wages or a cut in hours.

The first and last of these objections are somewhat naïve—they imply acceptance of the very conditions (sub-standard labor) that "40-40" sets out to correct. It was Judge Gary of steel trust fame who issued a solemn warning that less than a twelve-hour day would "wreck" the steel industry. Moreover, it is not true that most goods are priced in strict accordance with their labor costs. As for relying upon state action, one look at the record shows that this problem demands a national solution. The remaining objection, difficulties of administration, overlooks the wealth of technical and statistical resources already available to an administrative board.

There are additional features of "40-40" which may greatly enhance its value to labor. One is a clear provision to bar the use of strike-breakers, with a very effective definition of that term. The other, and more important section, empowers the board to examine labor conditions with the direct purpose of setting up new standards of "reasonableness and fairness." As Representative Connery has stated, the bill aims to go beyond the mere establishment of "rudimentary standards of human decency." Wisely administered, "40-40" should provide a means for steadily improving its own basic stipulations. As now written, the bill gives its administrative board jurisdiction over wages below eighty cents an hour, \$100 monthly or \$1200 a year. There would appear to be no good reason why these figures cannot be made the minima for practically all occupations within the law's range. This prospect, too, will alarm reactionaries quite as much as it heartens the rest of us.

Hayashi Goes Out

THE fall of the Hayashi government in Japan is due, in the main, to the strategy employed by the opposition political parties of directing their whole fire against the cabinet to the virtual exclusion of other issues. General Hayashi's public statements to the effect that the parties would either back his policies without criticism or lose their right to criticize, confronted the party leaders with little alternative but to fight back. As a result, the two bourgeois parties, Minseitō and Seiyūkai, presented a firm front in favor of constitutional government for the first time in recent years.

The Japanese political set-up is such that the fall of the government does not necessarily mean that the opposition will come into its own. As a matter of fact, it does not even appear that the political parties will be represented in the next cabinet. This exclusion of the parties from the cabinet was a precedent set by General Hayashi, and one step backward in this respect would mean two steps forward towards real democracy. Instead, it is likely that a fairly colorless civilian or imperial adviser may replace Hayashi in order to let political passions subside. In this event, the premier will be a puppet in the hands of the war minister. The real political complexion of the next government will be determined more by the army faction in control than by the premier.

The fall of the government comes clearly within the lines of development charted for Japan's intricate politics by Albert Brown in last week's *NEW MASSES*. "The army groups," Brown wrote, "may decide to sacrifice the Hayashi government in order to play for time for a better opportunity to go forward towards their brand of military fascism." In other words, the dominant military cliques have found it advisable to slacken their drive towards military fascism, but they have not revised the nature of their goal. Much depends on how the political parties follow up their present advantage. The fall of Hayashi has unquestionably encouraged them, but the next trial of strength will tell just how far this victory extends.

3,990,000 to Go

ORGANIZATION of the four million office workers in this country, long obstructed by the executive council of the A. F. of L., is now expected to parallel the great gains made in other unorganized industries during the past year. At a convention in Philadelphia last weekend, representatives of twenty-three white-collar unions from eleven states voted to form a new national organization, the United Office & Professional Workers' Union of America. This group will seek affiliation with the C.I.O.

Starting with a membership of only 10,000, the new union is prepared for a major organizational drive. It will organize in financial institutions, publishing houses, non-governmental social services, and in all industries where clerical workers are in the majority. It will also have the job of organizing in some industries where industrial unions have already been given charters. The Steel Workers' Organizing Committee, for example, which originally had anticipated organizing the white-collar workers into the steel industrial union, has found that such a move is premature. Not only steel, but auto, rubber, and a number of other industrial unions are expected to turn over present white-collar membership in their unions to the newly established C.I.O. affiliate.

Unionization of office and professional workers is only one indication that this year will mark the final dissolution of the myth that white-collar workers can never identify themselves with the labor movement. On June 7, nearly two hundred delegates will attend the American Newspaper Guild Convention in St. Louis. The convention will celebrate the doubling of the membership of the Guild last year and will discuss the question of C.I.O. affiliation. In August, the convention of the American Federation of Teachers in Madison, Wis., will be confronted with the same question. The Federation of Architects, Engineers, Chemists, & Technicians, which has already joined the C.I.O., anticipates an unprecedented recruiting campaign. The triumphs in basic industries should not obscure these important developments among the white-collar trades and professions.

The Play's the Thing

MARRIED by ambiguities and confusion, the "First National Convention of the Legitimate Theatre" has come and gone. The fanfare that preceded it and continued through its sessions was keyed to give it the sound of a cultural renaissance, but its concrete accomplishments stamp it for what it clearly was: a piece of traditional trade promotion.

From this arise its major faults. The American Theatre Council, which called the convention and will continue its program, is self-constituted, thus lacking both responsibility and authority. Furthermore, by planning a \$100,000 trade-promotion fund as a way out of the theater crisis, the council failed to recognize the industry's basic ills. Among these are an uneconomic admission-price scale; the fact that so long as the theater rests on its present narrow economic base, the best writing and acting talent will go to Hollywood; the discouragement of theatrical fare of broad, vital appeal; and the lack of

organized audience participation. So blind are the theater men on this last point that even in the convention there was a barely discernible minimum of discussion—most of the proceedings were set speeches read in monotone.

On the credit side are several noteworthy items. These include plans for a national theater festival in August 1938, which may permit a vital upsurge despite the stale traditionalism of the American Theatre Council, and plans for an international theater convention in 1939, ditto. Moreover, there is the fact that all the theater unions except the musicians are represented (albeit without real authority and responsibility) on the council, which lays the basis for some vitalization from that quarter. Five thousand-dollar "scholarship" subsidies for playwrights have been provided and ten more are hoped for. Lip-service, at least, was paid to the idea of a central air-conditioning plant for Broadway legit houses, to more coöperation with W.P.A. theaters, and to stimulation of revival, children's, and rotary-stock theaters. Chalk up a couple of plus marks for the comments of Prof. Barrett H. Clark, who praised the vitality of the left-wing theater, and of Burgess Meredith, who gave the producers hell for their sterility in general and their enmity to trade unions in particular.

In sum, the convention was largely sterile, but the basis is there for vitalizing it if the theater folk go about it seriously.

Unpacking the Court

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON, in his review in this issue of Isidor Feinstein's *The Court Disposes*, says that "to 'pack' the Court, as the President plainly proposes doing, is not enough." It seems to us that what the President proposes doing is to *unpack* the Supreme Court. The proposal should have the most vigorous support, as it is a necessary step towards a solution of the problems involving the Supreme Court. We agree with Mr. Feinstein and Mr. Josephson that a more comprehensive solution would be a constitutional amendment protecting the rights of the American people against Court encroachments.

Giotto and Gropper

BROWSING through the Metropolitan Museum among masterpieces as remote as the hierarchical bas-reliefs of the Assyrians, as near as the dynamic lithographs of George Bellows, you feel the full impact of man's creative spirit in all times and lands, under the most diverse and incredible circumstances. The imaginative energy which animates the plastic arts is so persistent in its desire to fuse the observed world of nature

with man's deepest dreams that you cannot help recalling the poet's lines that the bust outlasts the throne, the coin Tiberius. Yet you cannot help being equally impressed by the precise timeliness of the very masterpieces which seem to defy time. The historically progressive places its stamp on the most abstract statue, the most symbolic painting. Just as certain Chinese figures bear the imprint of Alexander's foray into the Far East, and Michelangelo's statues breathe the spirit of bourgeois humanism, revolutionary in its day, so the most recent additions to the Metropolitan voice the most advanced social movements of our own times.

For now, near the marvels of Giotto are housed the paintings of William Gropper, Reginald Marsh, Joe Jones, Max Weber, Doris Lee, Arnold Blanch, Raphael Soyer, and Rockwell Kent, all members of the American Artists' Congress, organized two years ago to combat fascism and imperialist war. Each of these artists has contributed drawings to the *New Masses*, particularly Gropper, whose remarkable gifts first became manifest in these pages. Gropper's development is one of the most inspiring sagas in American art, moving from those first brilliant caricatures in the old *Masses* to the Metropolitan and to the three panels he is doing for the Department of Interior.

The inclusion of these artists in the Metropolitan collection is a significant sign of the times. The painters who are most socially conscious are also leaders of their craft.

Landon's Heir

THE great state of Kansas has had tough luck with its governors. First it was saddled with a fellow who, according to reliable reports, ran for President of the U.S.A. on the Republican ticket. His name has been lost to posterity, but our research department informs us it was something like Alf M. Landon. Now Kansas has a governor named Walter A. Huxman. Officially a Democrat, this gentleman is doing all he can to guarantee the return of the Republicans in the next state elections.

Landon, his eye on the White House, posed as a liberal. Huxman, his eye on Kansas industrialists, is a vociferous tory. The former balanced the state budget with empty stomachs, ignoring protests of the Kansas Workers' Alliance against closing the Emergency Relief Commission last year. The latter has refused the Workers' Alliance official recognition this year. Landon paid state employees and road workers out of \$750,000 obtained from federal relief funds. Huxman, elected on a platform opposed to a sales tax, recently signed a bill augmenting Kansas revenues through a two-percent sales tax

effective June 1. Another of Huxman's campaign pledges favored civil-service status for state employees, but in January of this year he vetoed a civil-service bill passed by the legislature.

Landon made himself nationally odious by sending state troops against Kansas coal miners. Huxman looked on passively in April while company union thugs shot and wounded nine C.I.O. men at the zinc mines of Galena. Obviously, Governor Huxman

is one of those Liberty League Democrats closer to Landon than to Roosevelt.

Those who are wisely intent upon driving out the Republicans from American political life may be interested in knowing that a Kansas law prohibits political parties from having hyphenated names. We hope, however, that the progressive people of that state will develop a powerful Farmer-Labor party before 1940, even if they have to compress its name to comply with the absurd law.

Mr. Green's Monkey Wrench

ONE sure result of the policy adopted by William Green and his delegates at the recent Cincinnati A. F. of L. convention is already apparent—employers are going to make desperate efforts to benefit from this labor war. Witness the editorial comments in conservative papers, discovering long-hidden virtues in Mr. Green's organization. Past quarrels within labor's own ranks, factional and jurisdictional disputes limited to single groups, were damaging enough. As W. D. Mahon, president of the Amalgamated Association of Street & Electric Railway Employees, said at Cincinnati: "You [the A. F. of L.] all have jurisdictional disputes, and you all try to get members that don't belong to you at times."

Such disputes will multiply and grow to the stature of full warfare all along the labor front between the C.I.O.'s progressive forces, which have revitalized labor policy and given it new direction, and the defeatist tactics of the entrenched A. F. of L. bureaucracy. It is significant that Mr. Green's sudden militancy is aimed, not at employers, but at the C.I.O. Coming at a time when industrialists and business men are actively "concerned" over labor's bid for proper recognition, this breach is peculiarly unfortunate. Signs are not lacking that employers are determined to make the most of any opportunity to block the broad sweep of workers' progress. Add the somber background of ten million jobless and reduced appropriations for all forms of relief, and the gravity of the situation is plain.

Moreover, since government action and public opinion make some form of unionization almost certain, it can be taken for granted that employers will choose what they believe to be the lesser of two evils, and will back the A. F. of L. in every conflict. This backing will find expression in factory and mill, as well as through the usual publicity channels open to organized business. We may expect a full measure of Red-baiting, with plenty of sanctimonious advice that labor put its house in order. The A. F. of L. has already struck this note in an appeal to

employers. Those willing to obey the Wagner Labor Relations Act and deal with "labor organizations" are especially solicited. Arthur O. Wharton, president of the International Association of Machinists, in a letter to his officers, writes, "These employers have expressed a preference to deal with the A. F. of L. rather than Lewis, Hillman, Dubinsky, Howard and their gang of slug-gers, Communists, radicals, soap-box artists, professional bums, expelled members of labor unions, outright scabs, and the Jewish organizations with all their Red affiliates."

These new features of the struggle will undoubtedly be reflected in the character of the groups that both sides are able to recruit. And since the A. F. of L. proposes to invade the C.I.O.'s own field by establishing industrial unions, the old question of craft versus mass organization will be submerged by much broader issues, issues that involve labor's future role in our political and economic life. By necessity identified with employers' interests, William Green's organization may well attract groups that differ little, if at all, from company unions. As now conceived, the A. F. of L.'s war policies do not offer any assurance that its membership drive will exclude such unwholesome elements.

Undeniably, the workers of America face a period of strain and struggle. They are being urged to a momentous decision, one which will either turn the current of labor activity into stagnant backwaters or else release its full power for social advancement. Events have made the C.I.O. represent the real interests of the whole trade-union movement. Both in his conception of the part union labor must play, and in his determination to enlist the unorganized millions, John L. Lewis has made this fact plain.

Mr. Green and his confrères have called for a labor war, in terms that repudiate more than two years of splendid achievement in mass organization. The stage is set. To us it is unthinkable that the nation's working people will fail in their efforts to establish a national federation of a progressive character despite great obstacles.

American Fliers in Spain

Frank Tinker, Jim Allison, the late Ben Leider, Albert Baumler, and others have proved their mettle in sky-fighting with the fascist airmen

By James Hawthorne

MILITARY observers have watched the war in Spain eagerly. With an eye to the next world conflagration, they evaluate the merits of the various types of machine guns, the effectiveness of artillery, the relative speed and efficacy of the aeroplanes seen in action here. Ethiopia offered little upon which to base positive conclusions. Spain, on the other hand, has given the military men much food for reflection.

A conclusion universally stressed is that artillery fire and aviation have not the physical, military efficacy ascribed them by "authorities" writing since the last war. But in interpreting this conclusion there have been frequent efforts to assign to aviation a purely moral value. Such an interpretation is of no help to us because it does not account for the outstanding role of aviation in this war. True, both rebel and loyalist planes, with their tons of bombs and thousands of machine-gun bullets, have often wasted their time and thousands of dollars to kill one man and wound another. In fortified positions and good trenches, soldiers can laugh at bombers. If they have good anti-aircraft guns and the protection of a certain amount of aviation, enemy planes can never drive them from a position by strafing. Even without protection from the air, they can dig in well and resist the machine guns from above.

Yet who can forget the horrors of September and October in the Tagus Valley? It is too early to hazard a guess at how many thousands of militiamen fell beneath the pitiless fire of the new Italian and German planes. That the figure is staggering, there can be no doubt.

How can we reconcile these facts? That is, how can we accept the statement that an army can arm itself morally and be proof against aviation, and yet admit that planes can inflict more physical damage than any other weapon or combination of weapons? The war in Spain has answered the question. Aviation is a weak weapon as long as the opposing army is experienced enough to resist the fright of bombs and aircraft. But war costs men; the personnel of an army is constantly changing; and external factors are always raising or lowering its morale. When morale has fallen to a very low pitch, or is on the down-grade, the bombs and machine guns of the fliers can destroy whole armies. Situations are bound to arise in which morale flags. Then aviation becomes the decisive factor.

Last July, the loyalists had about fifty feeble planes with which they were able to destroy a similar number of ancient contraptions in the

hands of the rebels, losing a fair proportion of their own machines in the process. In August, the new, fast, modern Nazi and Italian planes soon destroyed the wobbly Breguets and wooden crates of the loyalists. The inexperienced, autonomous government militia was as helpless as the Ethiopians had been beneath the deathly fascist hail. At this point international solidarity threw up a wall against fascist intervention.

Months were needed to solidify that wall, and so it was not until January that American fliers were able to make their contribution.

There was the necessity for obtaining planes despite a virtual blockade, for training men and organizing an efficient army. Until Spanish factories could make plane parts, Spanish mechanics take care of the machines, and Spanish pilots fly them, there was, paradoxically enough, little room for the Yanks. In fact, previous Spanish experience had been that the wrong kind of "help" was apt to come from the United States. Drunken mercenaries wandered into Spanish airports and went out to sell their military information. One might have expected the real anti-fascist fliers, as a consequence, to find barriers set up against them. That they did not was due to the respect their sincerity aroused.

TO LOOK AT, or exchange a few words with, such a flier as Frank G. Tinker of Dewitt, Ark., for instance, would not lead you to an understanding of the depth of purpose inspir-

ing American participants in this little world war. Tinker looks, talks, and likes to feel pure Arkansas. Tinker (who pronounces his name Tanker) knows there is a Lincoln Battalion in Spain. [Some of the American fliers in Spain are not attached to the Lincoln Battalion.—ED.] He's secretly proud whenever he hears it mentioned by the Spaniards in conversation. But, he inquires plaintively, "Why Lincoln Battalion? How about a Jeff Davis Battalion?"

Southern, Annapolis- and army-trained, Tinker is no radical. But there is a fundamental fairness to the man that makes him see the justice of organizing sharecroppers to better their conditions even if, as he believed, they too often do not realize that a better life is possible. This same fairness provokes his antipathy to international fascist warfare against the inoffensive Spanish people. Above and beyond mere fairness, and more deeply ingrained, too, Tinker has a real American love of independence. That's why he is a fighting democrat; democracy to him spells popular independence and fascism its destruction.

That's what counts with the Spanish airmen, and that's what established Tinker, Jim Allison, Whitey Evans, and Ben Leider of one squadron, and squadron leader Albert Baumler of another, as veritable pets of the air force from the beginning. Professional skill reinforced their position. As human beings they grew close to the native pilots, mechanics, observers, field men, and political commissars.

If the Yank fliers were respected as men and admired as aviators, they won the absolute awe of the ground force as understanding and sincere anti-fascists, defenders of a cause that each understood in his own way but fought for in the same way. Mechanics at Alcalá like to tell about that. One day a disagreement between some Anarchist and Communist mechanics at the field stumped Chimarro, the clever chief of the Communist group. As a rule, the Anarchists, led by a child-like giant, always listened to Chimarro religiously. Tinker's plane needed a new propeller, a job for at least three men. But the angry Anarchists declared that they would not help one another or the Communists. Frank helped his own mechanic for a while, but the work didn't progress very well. Then he consulted with Jim and Ben and Whitey. They worked out a plan. Together they walked over to the plane, inspected it, discussed it, and then broke into a loud and heated argument. Naturally, the ground force drew near to find out what was the trouble. The argument got more intense. The Americans, red



Woodcut by Bertram Reibel (Chicago Artists' Congress Series)

in the face, walked away in four separate directions. The mechanics asked Chato, a Spanish pilot on intimate terms with the Americans, what was in the wind. He explained gravely that the Americans had decided not to help one another on the ground or in the air in the future.

The mechanics looked horrified, then sheepish. They didn't need anyone to draw the moral for them. If Spanish mechanics couldn't work together in their own cause, how could they expect foreign volunteers to do so? They went to work on Tinker's plane without a word. At bottom there was the common cause. The rest was chaff.

THE AMERICANS had the honor and glory of participating in all the important air work of 1937. On February 4, they did an exhibition flight in which Jim Allison led, Tinker and Evans held the wings, and Leider brought up the rear. They wound up a full bag of tricks with a landing in echelon done perfectly. They found the whole of Albacete cheering when they got down. That was their last exhibition, and it was not without military value. But after a few days of bad weather, they went into action on the Madrid front, where their work encouraged the hard-pressed civilian population and the men in the lines.

On February 10, they learned to despise anti-aircraft fire, which burst around their fast biplanes while they protected bombers on two trips against rebel powder factories, and when they descended, on the return trip, to strafe the rebel trenches. The second day of action was more eventful. The rebel ground guns scored a direct hit—the first and only direct hit the Americans have seen since they arrived—against a loyalist plane, which burst into tiny fragments. The "American" squadron (only four were Americans, the rest Spanish) accompanying the bombers on two trips over rebel lines, took revenge. They encircled a fleet of Heinkels and drove them into a nest of government monoplanes, which shot down five of the rebel fighters. The rebels were sore, and that night bombed the Alcalá field unsuccessfully. The following day the Yanks again protected the bombers with their biplanes in raids on two railway stations where arms and munitions were accumulated. On the second trip they were boxed by anti-aircraft fire, but, aside from holes in Tinker's propeller, suffered no damage. Just for luck the monos brought down seven Heinkels. The new Heinkels, they learned, were as fast as any planes the government had and could out-dive anything in the air, but they were stiff and maneuvered badly. When the Heinkels dived, the Americans banked and were safe.

On February 13, Ben Leider got the first American prize. The biplanes went up at a rocket signal to hunt the fascists over Madrid. The monos got four Heinkels again, and Ben got one. On the fourteenth great disappointment: the fascists ran! It was not until the sixteenth that the Yanks were able to engage the Italo-German fleet again. The Americans and their eleven biplanes arrived on the Ja-



Woodcut by Julio de Diego (Chicago Artists' Congress Series)

rama front, where they found twelve Junkers tri-motors protected by thirty-five Heinkels. With such an advantage, the fascists were willing to fight, but the eleven biplanes paid no attention to the fighters and dived right into the bombers. They brought down two Junkers and, when the Heinkels dived on them, they were joined in a flash by twenty-five monoplanes which got two of the Heinkels before the rest ran away. The squadron was at high pitch, gloating over the rebel defeat on the Jarama, and anxious for trouble. But they couldn't find it. On the Jarama the following day, with nine biplanes, they ran into twenty-four Fiats which turned tail and ran!

On February 18, however, they found trouble—and gave it back. Allison, Evans, Leider, and Tinker in a squadron of eleven ran into a fleet of Heinkels. There were four or five down beneath them for bait and some eighty others high in the clouds—these good divers always fly four or five thousand yards high. Once again the fascists, thinking the squadron was alone, were eager to fight. The Americans dived for the low-flying Heinkels and brought them all down. Ben got one and Allison another. As the rebels' huge hidden fleet zipped down upon them from the clouds, twenty-eight government biplanes spiraled out to reinforce Leider and the others, while twenty-eight monoplanes ripped into the enemy divers. Allison was wounded twice in the right leg; Ben was hit in both legs. In the meantime seven Heinkels were shot down. Allison landed safely. Leider gritted his teeth and made for the landing field. Tired, taut, he overshot the field and turned to try again. This time he made it, but was so weak he couldn't wait and came down hard. Luck was against him; the plane was not completely smashed up, but his limp body crashed against the instrument board. The Americans had given their first life to the cause.

Whitey Evans had to bail out. Cool, calculating, he held the ripcord for three thousand feet until he felt he was safe from a cowardly

shot in the air. When the parachute opened, it was with a tremendous jerk that gave him a belly-ache for a month, but he landed safely and was in the air again the following day! In the air with Tinker to avenge Ben Leider!

And ample revenge they took. In the Guadalajara campaign they taught the rebels the lessons the militia learned in September. On March 18 they smashed huge concentrations of demoralized Italians at a triple crossroads. An hour and a half of solid bombing and strafing in the morning had created the pre-conditions for this hopeless, panicky gathering of men, trucks, tanks, artillery far behind the lines. The Italians were on the full run, in complete rout, without commanders, totally disorganized. As the scared troops ran wildly across the fields, dozens of biplanes swooped down and poured five thousand shots per second into the invaders. Trucks at the crossroads were blown into the air, turned ridiculous somersaults. On the twentieth, the biplanes, while escorting bombers, met three Junkers bombers, and shot down three of the Fiat fighters escorting them; and on the twenty-third, when they did the final mopping up, they were paying Mussolini out for September, and Hitler for the eighteenth of February.

IN MID-APRIL, the American squadron played an important part in the encircling of Teruel. From April 16, when they bombed the bottleneck at Caudete and Alambre, breaking even with the Fiats in a small-scale combat, until the nineteenth, when they saw huge clouds of smoke rising from bombed ammunition at the Teruel railway station and Villarquemado, they were putting an extra payment on their account. But it was on the seventeenth that they really dug in their spurs.

That was the day of the fight over Teruel, a fight that matched the battle in which Ben Leider gave his life. The squadron left for Teruel at a rocket signal at 8:25 in the morning and met a fleet of brand-new Heinkels piloted, it proved later, by Spanish pilots trained in Germany since August. The first hit was against Calvo, a Spanish pilot of the American squadron. With a bullet in his neck, he felt he was lost, and turning, crashed his plane head-on against the rebel squadron leader. The two planes exploded in one blinding burst of flame. The rebels were without leadership! A little way off, six Heinkels were strafing and twelve others were protecting them when Baumler arrived with three biplanes. The Heinkels thought this was easy game, but fled when they saw twelve more loyalist planes enter the picture. The sky was filled with planes; there was fighting from horizon to horizon for a full half-hour. The Heinkels paid dearly and fled. Two came down in the field, three more were shot down in retreat. Not a single one got back without dozens of bullet holes marring its brand-new beauty. Since February 13, Ben Leider had ceased to fly with the American squadron. But since April 17 the Heinkels have not been seen in the air.

Prospects for British Labor Unity

A leading left-winger in the Labor Party says the drive is making headway despite the opposition of the leadership

By Sir Stafford Cripps

THE period since the election of 1935 has not proved very encouraging for the Labor Party. In spite of the National government's vast war preparations, which are deplored by great sections of the population, and in spite of its policy towards Spain and non-intervention, which is abhorred by every liberal-minded voter, there has been no great wave of feeling against it nor has it suffered any material set-back in the by-elections.

The reason for this failure to crystallize public opinion against the government is to be found in the weakness of the opposition tactic and policy, which was well illustrated by the results of the last Labor Party conference held in Edinburgh in October 1936.

Ever since 1931, when the first shock of overwhelming defeat and the logic of the economic situation combined to drive the Labor Party towards a more leftward policy, there has been proceeding a gradual withdrawal from the advanced position then taken up. The whole approach to the political situation has tended to become less militant and more one of coöperation with the capitalist parties.

This growing spirit of compromise reached such a pitch at the Edinburgh conference that the National Executive Committee recommended support of the government's non-intervention policy in Spain, and the majority of the Executive were in favor of supporting the government in its rearmament program. The resolution put forward by the Executive and passed by the conference was purposely so vague that to this moment no one knows whether it was intended to indicate support for, or opposition to, the main plank in the government's program, rearmament.

Other things happened at Edinburgh, such as the virtual extinction of the League of Youth as an effective organization, and the turning down of the proposal for united working with the Communist Party, indicating the same tendency: to work together with the National government upon the basis of "national danger," and to exclude or suppress all left-wing elements which might endanger such a tactic.

For some years, a number of those more to the left in the party had been getting restless, and the Socialist League had made various abortive attempts to swing the party back to a more challenging and less compromising line of action.

Prior to 1935, the small Labor Party group in Parliament, under the very able leadership of George Lansbury—the best leader the

party has ever had—was able to put up a very effective fight in the House of Commons. But when, in 1935, a larger opposition was returned, there was a complete change in its temper, and, as a result, it has been far less effective as an opposition than was the smaller party from 1931-5.

The result is almost entirely due to the international situation and the rearmament program. The majority of those in the right wing of the party have adopted the view that the external danger is such that rearmament must be supported, even though that rearmament is being carried through by an imperialist government. The trade unionists, too, are anxious to cash in on the rearmament program so as to obtain the maximum of advantages out of it for their members.

As a result, the class-struggle basis of the political and industrial situation is not only completely ignored, but every effort is made to keep it under in order that a statesmanlike atmosphere of working in the "national" interest may be maintained.

The many events surrounding the monarchy have been most cleverly utilized by the National government to encourage this spirit of national unity. The climax came in the quite fantastic extravagance of the coronation celebrations, designed to rehabilitate the monarchy as the bulwark of Reaction after the unfortunate events of last autumn.

IT WAS in these circumstances that those of us who were in the Socialist League decided, after the Edinburgh conference, that something would have to be done if the Labor Party was to be saved from slow death brought about by the apathy of its members.

During the preceding months, the rank and file of the movement had been demanding and obtaining united action upon certain specific issues in a large number of areas. The Hunger March protests from the distressed areas had caused united committees to be formed for receiving the hunger marchers all along their line of march. The Spanish civil war had led to the setting up of special united committees to help the Spanish workers. And, above all, a whole series of peace committees had sprung up, organized upon a very broad basis of unity.

It was quite apparent that such united committees were able to arouse a keenness and enthusiasm infinitely greater than was possible within the Labor Party itself. For one reason, they could draw upon the personnel of the left parties such as the Communists and Independent Labor Party, which

was more enthusiastic and better disciplined than that of the Labor Party; and for another reason, the workers were inspired by the way in which leaders who had been bitterly in opposition were prepared to come together in the face of the overwhelming necessities of the hour.

Undoubtedly, too, the events in France and in Spain had a profound effect upon public opinion in this country. There was indeed almost a danger that mere unity alone might be looked upon as the cure-all for the workers' political troubles.

This obvious desire of the rank and file pointed to the urgent desirability of putting the movement for unity upon a more formal basis, and of associating with the sentiment of unity some plan of action for those who should unite.

As a result of long deliberations, the Socialist League, the Communist Party, and the Independent Labor Party were able to work out a manifesto upon which they were all agreed.

They called for unity within the ranks of the organized labor movement, the Labor Party, and the trade unions, and not for the setting up of any new organization; they drew up a list of some dozen points upon which immediate action could be taken, such as the forty-hour week, abolition of the Means Test, etc.; but the most important item of the manifesto was a demand for unrelenting opposition to the government's rearmament program.

The manifesto was not intended to be a revolutionary program; it aimed at setting out a number of common points upon which united action could be taken with a view to bringing about, through that action, an ultimate union of all the working class forces.

THE campaign was launched in Manchester at the end of January with one of the greatest political meetings ever held in that city. The Free Trade Hall was crowded, and a huge overflow was held in an adjoining theater. Over 3500 persons present signed cards pledging their support to the campaign, and about \$1200 was collected for the fund. In the first stage of the campaign, which ended just after Easter, similar success and enthusiasm were met with practically all over the country.

Such an amazing result not unnaturally alarmed the Labor Party Executive, since the unity campaign was, being against the decisions of the party conference, unconstitutional. At the beginning of January, when first it

became known that such a campaign was to be launched, the National Executive sent out a solemn warning to all Labor Parties, and appealed to members of the Socialist League not to proceed with it. It was only by a narrow majority that, after this warning, the Socialist League carried the proposals at a special conference held just prior to the launching of the campaign.

As soon as the London County Council elections were over, further steps were taken to disaffiliate the Socialist League and to make membership in it incompatible with membership in the Labor Party, effective June 1. The object of this ukase was to make it easy for the party to eject those who stuck to their Socialist League membership, and to enable the Executive to say that such people had had their choice and had themselves chosen to go out of the party.

The date, June 1, was fixed in order to give the Socialist League a chance of reversing its decision to participate in the unity campaign, the annual conference of the League being held at Whitsuntide.

The National Council of the League has, however, recommended dissolution of the League pending the Labor Party conference next October and the making of arrangements to reconstitute the League after that conference should the action of the National Executive be reversed by the conference.

This recommendation was carried at the Socialist League Conference, May 15-16, with the following resolution:

This Conference asks the National Council to take all necessary steps and authorizes it to arrive at all necessary decisions to wind up the Socialist

League as from May 31, 1937, and requests those persons who constitute the National Council at the time of the dissolution to consult together after the annual conference of the Party if it has come to a decision favorable to the Socialist League and to reconstitute the Socialist League, if, in their opinion, such a course becomes possible.

Even if the League had continued in being, it would have ceased to be a factor of any importance, as the majority of those influential in it would not have continued with their membership.

The Labor Party will, therefore, have to find some fresh excuse for excluding left-wingers, and no doubt they will use as a ground the participation of such individuals in the unity campaign.

Upon this I believe

that many people will stand firm. It will entail a very extensive heresy hunt in all parts of the country if any attempt is to be made to effect a real purge of the party. For instance, in Manchester the borough Labor Party Executive and officers are 100 percent for unity, and their removal from the party would destroy the labor movement in Manchester.

PERSONALLY, I have already stated publicly that I intend to continue with the unity campaign whatever may be the outcome, because without unity I look upon the labor movement as being politically lost.

It is more than likely that a few of us, especially those members of the Labor Party who have actually signed the Unity Manifesto, will be announced as having forfeited our membership in the Party.

There is in fact no such thing as membership in the Labor Party. One acquires such a nominal status by becoming a member of some one or more of the affiliated organizations. My own membership is in the Bristol (East) Divisional Labor Party, and it is only that party which can terminate my membership.

They will perhaps be called upon to do so, and if they refuse, as is probable, then it will be necessary for the National Executive either to give up the attempt or to disaffiliate the local Labor Party. If the latter course were to be adopted, it might have very considerable repercussions.

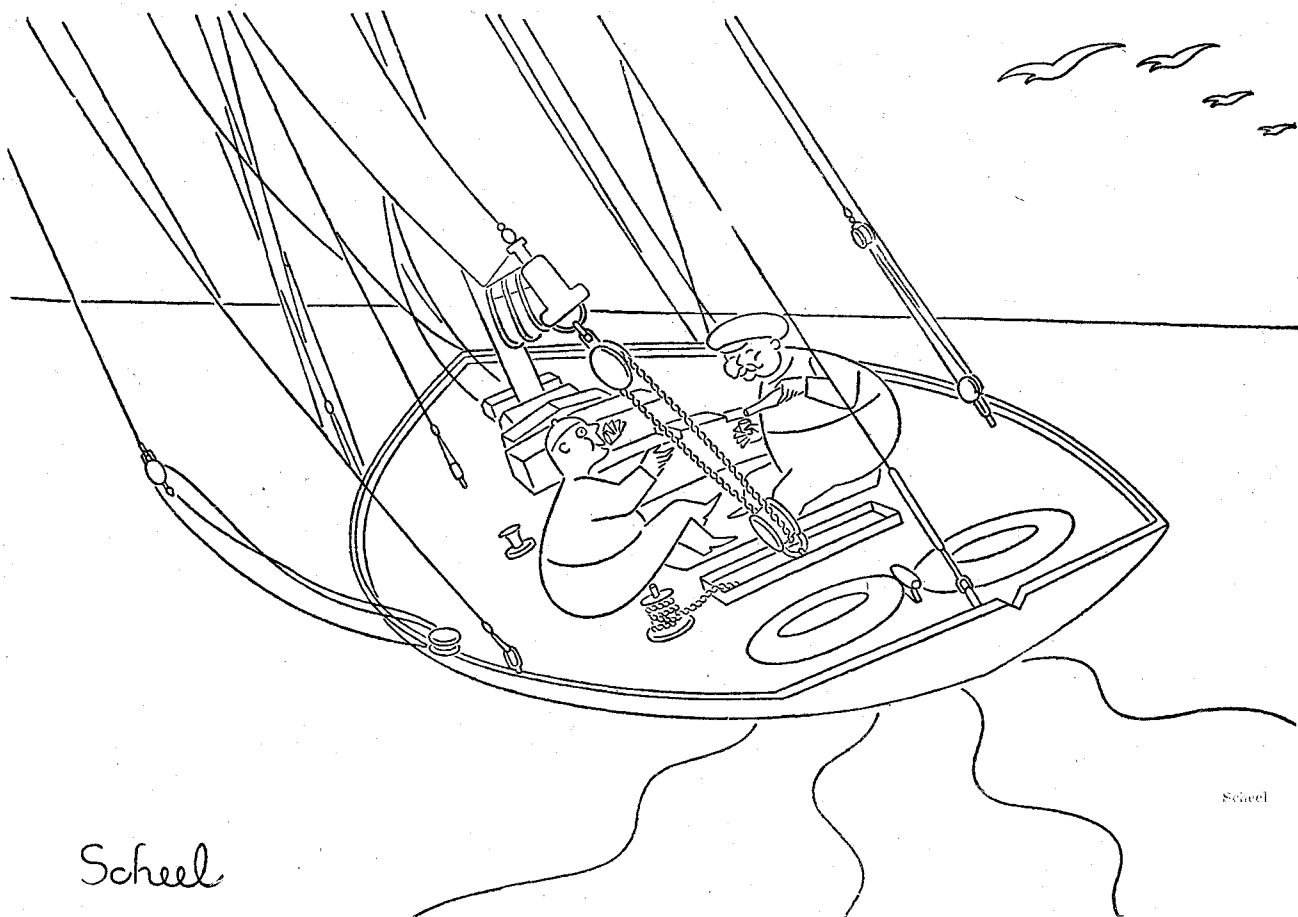
Putting aside all formalities and organizational points, it is possible to reduce the present conflict within the movement to quite

simple terms. Are we to have an all-inclusive labor movement which will undoubtedly be influenced by the left wing to a considerable extent owing to the keenness and energy of that personnel, and which will, by its inclusion of such elements as the Communists, clearly declare itself concerned with the class struggle, thereby antagonizing some of the middle-class elements, or are we to have a Labor Party which rigidly excludes all effective left-wing influence and which can, therefore, disassociate itself from any "Red" tendencies and can coöperate with the middle classes and with capitalism upon the basis of a "control of state" in a national emergency?

In whatever terms of argument or policy it is put, this is today the real question for decision in the British labor movement, and it may be that it will be decided this autumn, though that is by no means certain.

The British have such a genius for compromise and illogical action and decision that it is quite possible that the difference will not be resolved for some time to come, or until a major crisis, such as a war, precipitates a decision or division.

IN MY OWN VIEW, if the Labor Party becomes exclusive of the left, it will follow a policy which must be ineffective and which will lead us by stages into a native form of fascism, far less unpleasant than the continental forms, but just as deadly in its effect upon working-class organization and freedom. That is my reason for holding out for unity whatever the effect of such action may have upon my membership in the Labor Party.



"I laid off my employees for the summer. I figured they needed a vacation, too."

READERS' FORUM

Harold Clurman comments on a review, and the reviewer replies—A letter from the Spanish front

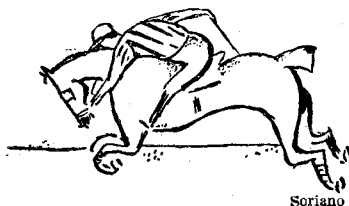
● Will you kindly grant me the privilege of your columns to say that the good intentions of Edwin Berry Burgum in writing on Waldo Frank's new book of essays, *In the American Jungle*, lead to a hell of a review (NEW MASSES, May 11, 1937). As Mr. Frank was kind enough to state, I had a hand in the editing of these essays, and I therefore flatter myself that I understand them. But I do not understand Mr. Burgum's review. What is more, I seriously doubt that any of your other readers understand it or, if they imagine they do, I doubt that their "understanding" in any way contributes to the appreciation of Mr. Frank's work or to the problems which Mr. Frank's essays treat. Words like "liberalism," "collectivism," "humanism," "Spinozism," "mysticism," "scholasticism," "romanticism"—and I do not know how many more isms—are strung through Mr. Burgum's review in such a way as to make us believe that they do not represent anything concrete or that they have no earthly meaning. Academic jargon like this has no place in a publication whose purpose is to study and clarify living reality.

An inadequate review is in itself no hanging matter. But when one of the most important critics in this country, a literary worker whose seriousness, authority, and years of activity entitle him to judgment of the most scrupulous and lucid kind, is subjected to the off-handed, pedantic rigmarole which fills Mr. Burgum's review, something like a spiritual crime is being committed.

I have no intention here of replacing Mr. Burgum's evaluation of Mr. Frank's book (did he make any?) by my own. But, in fairness to your readers, it is necessary to point out that merely to report that Mr. Frank's book represents a development from "Spinoza with a dash of Marx to Marx with a vestigial remnant of Spinoza" is to indicate absolutely nothing of the book's contents, quality, interest, or value. To put it briefly, the book is important because for all its variety—it ranges from light *New Yorker* sketches to detailed critical studies, from quick portraits of key figures in the arts to broad definitions of crucial phases in the cultural and social life of America and the world—for all its variety, I say, the book reveals a highly significant unity.

Mr. Frank began with a sense of man that was free, rounded, rich, "truly human" (as Marx and Engels have put it), and, with this sense of man as a measure, he has criticized American manners, morals, institutions, literature, and arts with remarkable subtlety, soundness of judgment, and scope. The values he has resolutely fought for, beginning with the period of *Our America* in 1919, as against the Dadaists, the "pure formists," the "experimentalists," the fake "humanists," the dead "classicists," the shallow "materialists" and the pseudo-"revolutionaries" of that and the ensuing periods are the values that many of the younger critics in America are now beginning to champion with more conventional zeal but with less information or cultural background. When Cowley was howling with the expatriates (see pages 128-135), when C. Hartley Grattan was floored by the devastating "logic" of Joseph Wood Krutch (see pages 201-220), when the Cubists and innovators in painting were either the butt of the philistines or the idol of the juveniles (see pages 146-149), when the "machine age" was the poetic nemesis of the aesthetes (see pages 153-157), when jazz was the dismay of the "serious-minded" and the worship of the "clever" (see pages 119-26), Waldo Frank was writing vigorous and balanced interpretations on these subjects that generally remain valid to this day.

The progress to be noted in Waldo Frank's book (what may be termed its "plot") is the increasing awareness that a cultural and social norm for the



Man from whom he derives his values is not possible in capitalist society, and that political considerations are not distinct from cultural ones, but are organic with them. In other words, Waldo Frank's concern for the "whole man" (the "human man" who might go to form a "truly human society") has led him inevitably to an acceptance of the struggle against fascism, to the defense of the Soviet Union, to a burning partisanship on behalf of the loyalists in Spain, to practically all the basic propositions and program of the present revolutionary movement. A truly cultured point of view today, Mr. Frank's book says in effect, must involve a political stand. The American "jungle," Mr. Frank virtually says, can be transformed into a human society only through the victory of socialism. In Waldo Frank's critical work (and most conspicuously in his latest volume) this conviction is not merely a slogan but an articulated experience. Here, in short, is a demonstration that is impressive because we see that it is felt and thought through, not merely preached; because, to put it baldly, Mr. Frank is not only a pamphleteer, but an artist and a damned good writer. We may quarrel with him—as I do—on many points of policy, thought, and even rhetoric, but unless we recognize Mr. Frank's fundamental contribution and value, all our statements about him lie.

HAROLD CLURMAN.

Mr. Burgum Replies

● Mr. Frank has stated that my review of his current book misrepresents his attitude towards the Soviet Union. He says that his attitude has been consistently the same since the 1917 Revolution, and that at no time could it be described by so weak an adjective as "tolerant." His letter demanding a new trial for Mr. Trotsky appeared in the *New Republic* after I had written my review, and in the light of it I must accept the first of Mr. Frank's corrections. His attitude towards the Soviet Union now turns out to have been consistently the same—consistently vacillating between doubt and enthusiasm, between desire to get on the existing Russian bandwagon and hope that a more glorious American vehicle was under construction. What has constantly dominated him, it now becomes clear, is his ambiguous "sense of the whole," which is superior to common sense and makes contradictions disappear by the emotional process of ignoring their existence. I am obliged, therefore, to withdraw my statement that his recent writings show him to have reached a greater stability and clarity of opinion.

Mr. Frank's second point is more difficult to admit. The paragraph he quotes from *Rediscovery of America* is certainly not a moderate statement. But the words "moderate" and "tolerant" are not necessarily synonymous; and if the sentence is inserted which Mr. Frank has shrewdly represented by asterisks, my use of the adjective seems justified. For this missing sentence is the clue to Mr. Frank's position in the year 1927. In it he says: "The business of our group will be of course to plow its own fields, and its ways, like the fields, will not be Russian." The "group" referred to is that body of men who, having listened to Mr. Frank's exhortations, have rediscovered the spiritual tradition of America and can, therefore, purge us of our vulgar

materialism. Now I am not able to conceive of a finer expression of what "tolerance" ought to be than what Mr. Frank is exhibiting. He is virtually saying: east is east and west is west; though the spiritual goal be a common one, our methods must be different, and godspeed to us both. But Mr. Frank's discriminations are generally more factitious than practical. He says, for instance, in this passage, that the little group is to defend, even against the United States government, the right of the Russians to their experiment. But on the preceding page he has put it differently: "The sole duty of our group would be to avow the sanctity of the Soviet profession, the universal value of the Soviet experiment; to keep hands off and help with reverend respect"—which would seem to be a fairly un-Marxian way of going about the business. But save for another passage in which Mr. Frank says that communism in Russia has "been culturally created less by Marx than by the ages of the Russian Church," these are the only references to the Soviet Union in a long book that is otherwise devoted to anticipating Mr. Priestley's recent *Midnight on the Desert*. Frank speaks, of course, more confidently than the gentle Mr. Priestley, but the tune is the same—that there is a unique American way to the good life which can achieve collectivism through coöperation, under the guidance of the spiritually elite. Take Mr. Frank's book as a whole, and his attitude towards the Soviet Union may justly be described as one of tolerance.

Mr. Clurman's complaints are less specific. He seems to think, first of all, that I have underestimated Mr. Frank's historical position as a critic of the twenties. But until he offers more direct and tangible proof than slurs at the position of Malcolm Cowley and other critics who were active at that time, I shall continue to believe that Mr. Frank just missed this earlier boat. His second complaint is that I have underestimated Mr. Frank's position today as a socialist and anti-fascist. But Mr. Frank's "burning partisanship on behalf of the loyalists in Spain," though it betrays some marks of the literary style of Henri Barbusse, surely has not yet brought him into a corresponding ascendancy among American anti-fascists.

EDWIN BERRY BURGUM.

From a Lincoln Battalioneer

● The front I'm at now is very quiet. We are using more leaflets right now than bullets. The fascists are only about 200 yards away from us and in some places less than 100. A few nights ago, they tried to sing to us. There was no spirit to their songs. Then we started to sing and we had spirit—and how!

I've been here for a week, coming with a group as replacements for the dead and wounded. I wish I could express to you how proud I am to be fighting with the Lincoln Battalion. Just think, there are boys who have been over here for two months, have been over the top three times in face of heavy machine-gun fire, have slept in the cold and mud, have seen many of their comrades killed and wounded, and yet they still have a spirit I have seldom witnessed. How can you be anything but proud of them! And some have already returned from the hospitals and are again in the trenches.

I know you are all doing your share to help the Spanish people. If you could be here and see how appreciative they are for this help and how hard they are fighting, you would double your efforts. You can't do too much. I remember how, up in Catalonia, a barber refused to take any money from an American because he came so many thousands of miles to help in the fight against fascism. B.

REVIEW AND COMMENT

A progressive view of the Supreme Court—Sharecropper novels—The question of Lincoln's murder

OUR histories and texts, with few exceptions, have been written by timid academicians or so-called objective writers, who dare not call our cherished institutions by their true names. The Supreme Court—"Ark of the Covenant before which the politicians bow down"—with the prestige of a century and a half behind it, is as much a fact in our history as the Mississippi River. It is as unique as the Colorado canyon, moreover; no great nation—certainly none of the few democracies now extant—depends upon a high court to preserve the popular rights of man. President Franklin Roosevelt, by raising sharply the whole question of judicial supremacy over Congress and the executive, has really helped to educate our people, if he has accomplished nothing else. This country has not only been a paradise for "free" capitalists, but it has been one for lawyers as well. The interpretation of the law becomes an outstanding trade in a capitalist democracy, as in any modern bureaucracy. Yet lawyers are notoriously fickle, inconsistent, unfaithful. The twisted history of our high court, with its often contradictory "precedents," is a dark forest, upon the road through which no two jurists agree.

Isidor Feinstein, one of our ablest young journalists, who has done good service in other fields, has written a clear, spirited, brief pamphlet* of a hundred odd pages—"a layman's book for laymen." The works of Warren, Corwin, and especially the important one of Louis Boudin, are suited rather to the specialized reader; only Professor A. C. McLaughlin's lamentably non-committal work, *The Supreme Court, the Constitution, and the Parties*, is comparable in its effect. But Feinstein, who possesses enthusiasm for his subject, a sharp eye, and the will to come to a showdown, has written the most sensible and most lucid tract upon the whole problem that we have had for the general public.

In his review of the origins of the Supreme Court, the author refuses to blame the founding fathers, children of a far simpler, mercantile epoch, for the "plot" to protect giant, twentieth-century corporations. For all of Chief Justices John Marshall and Taney of Dred Scott fame, the voice of the high court was not dominant in the land in its first century; its course wavered from boldness to reticence. It is in 1890, roughly, that the "Third American Revolution," as Feinstein aptly calls it (counting the Civil War as a second revolution), gets under way. The decisions and opinions of the Court, and not the terms of the constitution itself, form the precedents whereby the rights of corporate properties such as James Madison and John Adams never dreamed of were protected from the as-

saults of the people and their representatives. In this, his best chapter, the author shows how, in 1890, the Court began to apply the due process clause of the fourteenth amendment "in remaking the constitution to suit Morgans, Goulds, Vanderbilts, Rockefellers. . . ." The clause, to be sure, was there since 1873, cunningly inserted, but not used until it became truly necessary, when the industrial revolution reached its full stride in America.

Thereafter the Supreme Court for fifteen years showed itself truly and passionately "class-conscious." In 1895 came the climax in a fateful series of decisions, deeply tinged in their very expressions with class hate, which nullified the Anti-Trust act so far as it applied to monopolies, struck at the rights of labor organization (under the Anti-Trust and Interstate Commerce acts, in part!), buttressed "government by injunction" and strikebreaking by military power, prohibited the collection of an income tax levied upon wealth. In the 1930's again—a period of social unrest comparable to the 1890's—the Supreme Court once more has taken up arms in defensive action.

Ours is still a "constitutional republic," and the legal impasse, ludicrous though it may be, still exists. It has been up to now an immovable fact. No other great democracy suffers judges appointed for life to review laws enacted by a representative and popularly elected parliament. For this reason, in ordinary peace times, ours is the most cumbersome and ponderous of all modern democracies. Those pretended liberals, who hold that we are "signing our death warrant" in permitting the authority of the Supreme Court to be weakened, forget that it defends "human rights" in a most limited degree, only that it may protect, to an infinite degree, great property rights and privileges which in the long run nullify most of our rights as individuals.

If we cannot depend upon popular representatives elected or removed from office at brief intervals to defend our democratic prerogatives, how can we count upon a small group having life tenure? To "pack" the Court, as the President plainly proposes doing, is not enough. Its power for evil would still remain, Mr. Feinstein concludes. Judicial supremacy is a hardy plant, and it must be uprooted and killed, if we would be done with it.

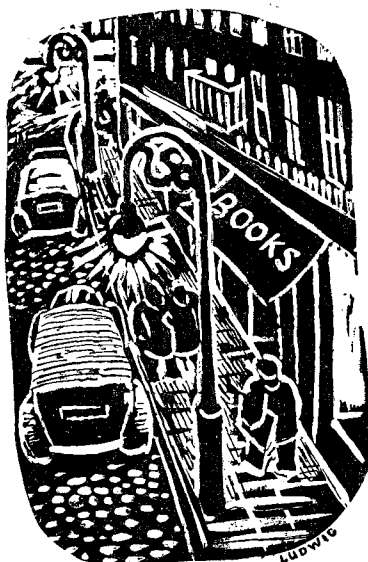
MATTHEW JOSEPHSON.

Communism and Confusion

BREAD AND A SWORD, by Evelyn Scott.
Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.75.

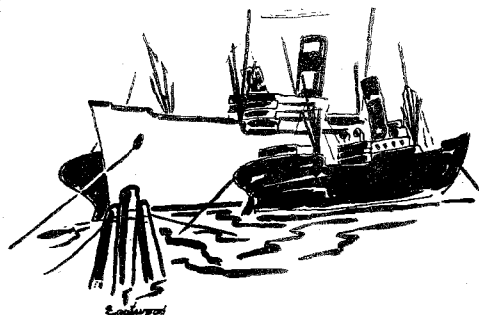
THIS is neither a good novel nor a bad one. It remains, nevertheless, a moving and serious effort to pose a contemporary human problem—the problem of bread and how to get it (in "artist terms," to use the author's vocabulary). Miss Scott, in a lengthy and somewhat pretentious preface, tells us that this is her third and "very likely" her last book on the artist and the creative problem. Curiously enough, however, the preface suggests a much more speculative and direct encounter with the "economic conflict" Miss Scott is desirous of portraying than the actual materials of the novel provide. It is quite true that she has cautiously protected herself by stating that she has set down much in the preface "that has only a partial, not always direct, bearing on the situations which are the materials of this novel because no philosophy can be more than inferential in a work of fiction." Nevertheless, the fact remains that almost all of Miss Scott's pseudo-philosophical analysis of social alternatives and the artist's place in modern machine society bears very little relation to the events centering around the attempts of the Williams ménage to serve art without capitulation to economic bondage and the ultimate disruption, in a spiritual sense, of the household once the initial surrender is made.

It is Miss Scott's feeling that, since she is compelled (why?) to "make the choice that has become classic in recent disputes," she would "choose the Mother Church of Universal Communism rather than ally [herself] with a bigoted fascist sect." Yet this choice is made without enthusiasm and with a downright pessimism regarding the "ethics" of the new society, which is a little surprising in the face of the very severe and bitter criticism which the novel makes of capitalist ethics. One cannot but feel that the inadequacies of Miss Scott's position arise from initial ideological confusions concerning the nature of Marxism and the class struggle. One example is representative: "Class-consciousness may serve ends in direct action; it may even effect the specific justice for which it is invoked . . .



Helen Ludwig

* THE COURT DISPOSES, by Isidor Feinstein. Covici, Friede. \$1.



Eastwood

its ethics, demonstrated in the conduct of individuals, will be no improvement on the ethics of nationalism, while standards relate . . . only to loyalty to a group which, as long as that test is met, provides a sanction above scruple for any gesture." To talk of the "ethics of class-consciousness" as a proposed synonym for dialectical materialism is nonsense. Also, the consistent identification of mechanization and standardization with communism (which, actually, is a way of life proposing to reduce, ultimately, these factors to a minimum in order to permit the fullest development of the individual on every level) is, to say the least, disturbing.

As for the novel itself, *Bread and a Sword* is the familiar story of a writer's desire to hold on to his artistic integrity in the face of economic insecurity. Alec Williams, working as a farm-hand and gardener in order to stave off starvation from his family, is among the poignant figures of contemporary fiction. Kate, his wife, is the supposed "Communist" antagonist of the story. She forces Alec to face reality, but although he does face it on the purely economic level, somehow it is never seen to permeate his feeling about his work. He remains stubbornly bi-partite to the end. As for Kate, she is hardly a "Communist" in any definable sense. If anything, she is an aggressive romantic (there are such people, of course) motivated by submerged Sunday-school hangovers about the under-dog, and activated almost entirely by her own economic plight.

NORMAN MACLEOD.

Sharecropper Novels

BLACK EARTH, by Louis Cochrane. Bruce Humphries. \$2.50.

RIVER GEORGE, by George W. Lee. Macaulay. \$2.

BLACK EARTH: A young sharecropper, painfully in need of money for himself, a girl he is after, and his parents, involves himself in bootlegging. His father takes the rap for him. Thereafter the young man can get no help from anyone in the community. After much remorse, he beats up his bootlegger boss and, at the end of the book, is on his way to give himself up and get his father out of jail. Out of this book, you will get, in great detail, a picture of one of the more "up-right" and "respectable" types of white sharecropper families—a family half sucked into the self-deceptions of the class next above it. You will get something of their house and its furnishings, something of their relationships,

of the struggle between generations, something of the vacuum into which they are thrust by poverty and exploitation. You will also get the perspective of the town where their landlord lives; and something of the true nature of their relationship with this "good" type of landlord.

Now and again Mr. Cochrane grows surprisingly sensitive to words and to atmosphere—surprising because much more often he is peculiarly deaf to dialect, and his reading and his sincere ambition have inveigled him into some pretty bad writing. There is one great strength in his book, and that is the painful conviction which grows on you that nearly everything he writes of has actually happened. Once that conviction becomes established, the whole account takes on a new and really large value; you sit in on the trouble, and a whole year's life, of a family you would probably care to know all you can about. It is no longer just an unsuccessful novel.

River George: A Negro sharecropper is called home from college by his father's death. He tries to organize the tenants, murders the white "owner" of the girl he falls in love with, escapes to Memphis, plays in a jazz band, goes to war; the rest should be left to the book. In a sense *River George* tries to be several ambitious things: a modern myth; a history of the American Negro during the twentieth century; a study of what happens to a college-educated Negro in the south. On none of these counts does it succeed.

There are, however, several things to be said in its favor. The first two chapters are honestly and deeply moving; the closing chapters manage to hand you a shock of pain, anger, incredulity, and virtual nausea which ordinarily would be the property of very much better work. In between, there is enough to keep you going. Some of it is documentation of deep-country and of Memphis. For most of it you may thank Mr. Lee's acute and uncorrupted instinct for the power, in writing, of the five senses; of gesture and rhythm of movement; and of physical placement, in terms of which it comes natural to him to tell a story. Thanks to this instinct, certain scenes of sexual love, and others of chase, escape, and general melodrama, have a considerable immediacy. And quite often again, as in Mr. Cochrane's case, the writing is clear and unpretentious enough to make it possible to see through it, as into a lighted home, the true country and society and the individuals he writes of.

JAMES AGEE.

Exposer Exposed

WHY WAS LINCOLN MURDERED? by Otto Eisenschiml. Little, Brown & Co. \$3.50.

RUMORS and echoes of rumors; insinuations based on unproved hypotheses; sly queries, innuendoes, speculations; half-formulated inferences; wisp-ends of back-stairs political gossip; quotations deliberately torn from their context—these constitute the whole of Otto Eisenschiml's "expose" of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. Their end and aim

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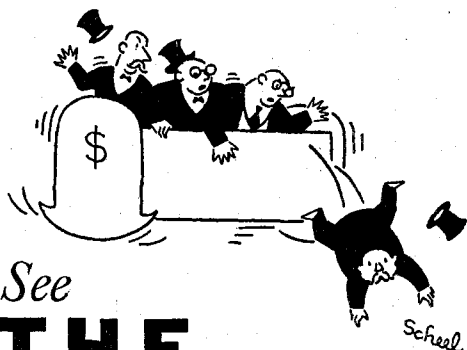
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is to clear the slavocracy of complicity in the murder, and to place responsibility upon Edwin M. Stanton, Lincoln's secretary of war.

Typical of the book's trickery is the juxtaposition of unrelated events in such a way as to make them appear cause and effect. For example: "Lincoln was taking steps to restore the Union on its old foundations. The South was to come in again, and would vote the Republican Party out of office. If Stanton were to survive politically, he would have to turn Democrat once more, but this was too big a task. . . . It was then that Lincoln was shot." Logicians will easily discover in the volume dozens of instances of this and other varieties of *non sequitur*; you and I may characterize these methods, quite simply, as historical shysterism.

Where is the evidence that Stanton engineered the murder of Lincoln? By Eisenschiml's own admission, there is none. Over and over he insists on that fact; throughout the book we find such statements as this: "There is no definite proof of treachery on Stanton's part." Eisenschiml brings forward his hypotheses merely to repudiate them; "there is not one point," he concludes, "that can be proven." Why, then, this painstaking erection of a structure which is at once exploded; why this wearisome traversing of roads that admittedly lead nowhere? The answer is given in the chapter headed "The Case Against the Radicals." For Stanton was of the group of left-wing Republicans who pressed for the abolition of slavery, and who helped make possible the "black parliaments" of the era of Reconstruction, one of the brightest pages in our revolutionary history.

It is Eisenschiml's thesis that Lincoln stood in the way of the success of the radical bloc, which, therefore, had most to gain from his death. He even insinuates that the author of the Emancipation Proclamation never really favored freeing the slaves. There is, unfortunately, no room to present here even a portion of the clear evidence to the contrary. Eisenschiml rejects the voluminous proof that Lincoln's murder was the fitting climax to the slave-owners' career of aggression and treason. The Confederate leaders could not, he insists, have plotted or aided the assassination. Just why he considers the idea incredible he does not make plain; the gist of it seems to be that the slaveholders were gentlemen. He intimates—and the repeated intimation is the whole purpose of the book—that the instigators of John Wilkes Booth must rather be sought within the left-wing group in Congress and cabinet.

Attempting to make out a case against Stanton, Eisenschiml reveals his historical bias. He "accuses" Stanton of sympathizing with the Abolitionists, of urging emancipation, of recruiting slaves and free Negroes into the Union army. And it is evident from his phrasing that he considers these to be grave charges.

In two chapters on the military conduct of the Civil War, Eisenschiml presses his con-

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tention that the Radical Republicans and Abolitionists deliberately prolonged the war in order to whip up hatred against the South (read slavocracy). Yet it was precisely the Radical Republicans who advocated the only measures that could bring swift victory: emancipation and arming of the slaves. It is true that the conflict was unnecessarily prolonged; the responsibility for the needless years of slaughter must be laid, however, not to the Abolitionists, but to the forces marshaled by Wall Street—for more than half a century the consistent ally of slavery—to oppose the war's vigorous prosecution. Behind the lost battles of the tragic first years stood the aristocrats of northern commerce and finance, whose pockets were lined with the proceeds of southern trade, and whose consciences were padded with southern cotton. On the field, this group found its best representative in General McClellan, whom Marx, in a fiery letter to Engels, denounced as a "traitor in epaulets." It is hardly surprising that Eisenschiml makes a supreme effort to salvage McClellan's reputation.

Eisenschiml's work is, then, one more in that long succession of books—histories, biographies, and novels—dedicated to the embellishment of slavery, the absolution of the slave-owners, the slander of the Negro governments of the South; dedicated, in short, to wiping out a major portion of our revolutionary heritage.

ELIZABETH LAWSON.

"Testament and Program"

THE CONQUEST OF POWER, *by Albert Weisbord. Covici, Friede. 2 vols. \$7.50.*

ALBERT WEISBORD made the front pages in 1926 as leader of the Passaic textile strike, the first in this country to be directed by the Communist Party. Subsequently, the party expelled him for violations of discipline. He fell in and out of the Trotsky and Lovestone groups, and finally wound up as a one-man party of his own.

The two volumes under review are thus at once a personal testament and personal program. You are struck immediately by the author's enormous capacity for work and even more enormous ambition. He undertakes to settle all the major problems of our times; he expounds, analyzes, and disposes of liberalism, anarchism, syndicalism, socialism, fascism, and communism.

Despite the wide-open pages at his disposal, the author fails to be half as illuminating as Strachey on the same subjects in two smaller and wiser volumes. This failure lies in Weisbord's lack of consistent method. Convinced that he is the sole living Marxist, he is actually an eclectic and a solipsist.

It is impossible to follow him through the thick wood of words which obscure the trees of fact, but his approach to everything may be gleaned from his analysis of communism. It seems the "Stalinites" are wrong on every subject under the sun; alleged proof for this thesis is taken directly from Trotsky's arsenal

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of stock accusations. But Trotsky is also wrong. In fact, everybody is out of step but Albert Weisbord. The upshot of this ponderous flow of verbiage is a four-point program offered as a substitute for the Communist Party's program as well as for that of the Socialists, the Syndicalists, and the Fourth International:

"(1) To develop the direct action of the masses through raising the slogans *General Strike, Lynch the Lynchers of the Negroes and Poor Toilers, Open the Factories to the Unemployed and the Warehouses to the Hungry, Workers' Control over Production.* (2) To build up the revolutionary mass organizations of the proletariat, particularly their independent militant unions and mass defense groups. (3) To utilize every form possible by which to move the workers from the old liberal classless ideology to the Communist ideology of the class struggle. (4) To conduct a vigorous struggle against all the out-worn forms of European socialism and communism, the lack of initiative of the Germans, the lack of organization of the French, the idealization of the peasantry of the Russians, the parliamentarianism of the English and so forth."

These few lines are all that Weisbord contributes to the solution of the tremendous problems with which he has fumbled. This is the so-called program "which a truly American Communist movement will not hesitate to adopt when the American proletariat has come of age and is ready to take its rightful place in the world struggle for power"—under the leadership, presumably, of the author. What is sensible in this program stems, of course, from the Communist Party; what is silly is the author's own contribution. The whole of it is so meager, so poverty-stricken, so unrelated to the actual world, that it can only be dismissed as the pathetic fantasy of a political narcissist.

ROBERT EVANS.

Recent Books on the Supreme Court

NINE OLD MEN AT THE CROSSROADS, by Drew Pearson and Robert S. Allen. Doubleday, Doran & Co. 25c.

Carries the story of the Nine Old Men up to the moment and shows that Washington is still going round merrily. Attempts to account for the opposition of certain former liberals, like Wheeler and Nye, to the President's Court proposal.

DEMOCRACY AND THE SUPREME COURT, by Robert K. Carr. University of Oklahoma Press. \$1.50.

This book reviews the Supreme Court issue, and is particularly valuable for its analysis of the decisions on New Deal legislation. Liberal in intent, indecisive in its conclusions.

SELECTED SUPREME COURT DECISIONS, edited and arranged by Myer Cohen. Harper & Bros. \$2.50.

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THE SUPREME COURT ISSUE AND THE CONSTITUTION, edited by W. R. Barnes and A. W. Littlefield. Barnes & Noble. \$1.

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SUPREME COURT PRIMER, by Ernest Angell. Reynal & Hitchcock. \$1.

Another handbook, more attractive in format than the above. Contains a review of the Court question, a collection of representative opinions, and a table of decisions invalidating acts of Congress.

Brief Review

WHO'S WHO IN THE ZOO. Prepared by Workers of the W.P.A. Federal Writers' Project in New York City. Sponsored by the Guild's Committee for Federal Writers' Publications, Inc. Published by Halcyon House. \$1.69.

The W.P.A. writers have produced an entertaining picture book by dividing the 4000 known mammal species of the animal kingdom into seventy-eight representative types. The photo editors have done an excellent job in collecting the hundred or more well-printed camera portrayals which are the real *pièce de résistance* of the book. Most of them (and the best ones) bear the credit line of the New York Zoological Society. Ad F. Reinhardt, borrowed from the Federal Art Project for the occasion, has contributed comprehensive decorative head-piece portraits of each species against a background map of its habitat. The written descriptions are provokingly scant, however, and in most cases the reader will wish the writers had done a little more writing, even though the book's aim, as stated modestly in its foreword, is merely to "so arouse the curiosity of our readers as to compel them to explore further into the absorbing annals of wild life." C. J.



Recently Recommended Books

Three Ways of Modern Man, by Harry Slochower. With an introduction by Kenneth Burke. International. Regular, \$2; popular, \$1.50.

Harriet Beecher Stowe, by Catherine Gilbertson. Appleton-Century. \$3.50.

The Fall of the City, by Archibald MacLeish. Farrar & Rinehart. 50c.

Forty Years on Main Street, by William Allen White. Compiled by Russell H. Fitzgibbon from the columns of the Emporia Gazette. Farrar & Rinehart. \$3.

False Security, by Bernard J. Reis. Equinox. \$2.75. Towards the Christian Revolution, edited by R. B. Y. Scott and Gregory Vlastos. Willett, Clark. \$2.

Noon Wine, by Katherine Anne Porter. Schuman's. \$5.

Living China: Modern Chinese Short Stories. Compiled and edited by Edgar Snow. Reynal & Hitchcock. \$2.50.

Predecessors of Adam Smith, by E. A. J. Johnson. Prentice-Hall. \$3.50.

In the American Jungle, by Waldo Frank. Farrar & Rinehart. \$2.50.

The New Soviet Constitution, by Anna Louise Strong. Holt. \$1.50.

Bonaparte, by Eugene Tarlé. Knight. \$4.50.

The Tragic Fallacy: A Study of America's War Policies, by Mauritz A. Hallgren. Knopf. \$4.

The Cock's Funeral, by Ben Field, with an introduction by Erskine Caldwell. International. \$1.25.

Mathematics for the Million, by Lancelot Hogben. Illustrations by J. F. Horrabin. Norton. \$3.75.

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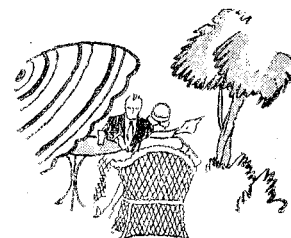
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SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

The roots and soil of American music—Winding up the dance season—Celebration in recordings

LEHMAN ENGEL'S Madrigal Group has had a good start on the right path and given the most hopeful promise of any division of the Federal Music Project. One could overlook a lot of stumbling, and as a person of enthusiasms rather than jaundices I've found it hard to evaluate with stern critical honesty work with which I feel strong sympathy, work motivated by admirable purposes and ideals. I liked the idea of an American program of choral music from pre-Revolutionary to post-Prohibition periods, and, having missed its first presentation (May 6), I jumped at the opportunity of hearing the repeat performance on May 24. A definite hit with unusually good-sized audiences and the usually lukewarm press, it brought me up with a shock. There was no longer a question of uneven program making and slipshod singing balanced against ambitious and laudable motives. The trouble lay deeper: with the approach, the fundamental falsity of the whole attitude of the execution. And in such a case the best pal is truly the severest critic who holds up an emphatic danger signal to this self-satisfied move in a dangerous direction.

Let's get it straight. I'm not pedant or purist enough to object to entertainment derived largely or even wholly from extra-musical factors. (I got a big kick out of Gian-Carlo Menotti's *Amelia al Ballo*, which musically—except for its deftness—didn't amount to a row of pins.) One of the major items on the Madrigal Group's program was Randall Thompson's *Americana*, which similarly scores a musical merit only in its dexterity and ingenuity, yet which is absolutely first-rate entertainment. The fact that the Group did it clumsily, particularly in comparison with the excellent performance by the Desoff Choirs on April 27, is of minor importance, except insofar as that clumsiness stemmed from the radical error in approach demonstrated throughout the program. When it comes to doing Civil War, native-barroom, and folk songs, I'm all for it, for there's a literature that includes not only some great music, but music that is unique and indigenous, without question the finest exposition of the American temperament in tone.

But while I don't want to hear a Victoria motet every day, while I like to hear "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," "Sourwood Mountain," and "Cocaine Lil," I demand an understanding of, a respect and a love for the material in either case. Engel should have brought honesty, vitality, and punch to our homespun tunes. Instead, they were treated with an offensive—and to me downright disgusting—affectation. The frank and naïve sentimentality of the old popular airs was caricatured, superciliously ridiculed to squeeze out every possible giggle and titter from an audience only too delighted to accept a namby-

pamby cuteness in the place of straightforwardness and gusto.

The emasculation of the folk and tavern airs was more subtle but no less complete. The settings chosen were by men like Treharne, Brockway, Dett, Harris, and Clokey, all more or less skilled musicians intent on displaying their skill, whittling down the rough-hewn individuality of the lusty tunes to a dash of quaint local color adorning neat little pieces to be gobbled up by women's-club and college-gee-club choruses and their public. One could look in vain for even the fitting simplicity of Cecil Sharp's English folk settings or the finished choral technique of Vaughan Williams's work in the same field, to say nothing of the combined aptness, earthy validity, and musical insight to be found in the Hungarian folk settings by Bartók and Kodály. And the projection itself didn't even attempt to counteract the weakness of the arrangements. It was coy, exaggerated, affected, even by glee-club standards—and one has to look hard for any that are lower.

Against the inclusion of such unadulterated tripe as MacDowell's "Brook" and "Slumber Song," William Schuman's practice studies in chorale canons, the *chi-chi* of Virgil Thompson's "Processional" from *Four Saints in Three Acts*, one could balance only the Ives "Sixty-Seventh Psalm" (an early and largely experimental work by the great "original" who should have bulked large on an American program), and such competent and quite colorless pieces as Engel's own *Murder in the Cathedral* choruses and Delaney's "My Lady Clear." The popular and folk tunes were the heart of the program, and they were rotted to the core with prissiness and sub-adolescent humor. One has only to hear some of these same tunes sung by even a non-native group like the John Goss or Stuart Robertson singers (a number are recorded on British disks) to realize how completely their virility was debased here.

If I can't get excited about our hymned messiahs of American music, the contemporary

"serious" composers, I do get excited about our native musical roots and soil. Among the unforgettable experiences of my life I'm proud to count one evening on a dirty narrow-gauge railway train, lit by flaring oil lamps, when among the crowd returning from a beach resort, an ancient fiddle and mouth harp bravely struck up "Turkey in the Straw" and "Arkansaw Traveler"; other evenings when I tooted a bass harmonica with Tom Benton's gang in other backwoods tunes like "Sourwood Mountain" and "Cripple Creek," and extraordinary three-part songs from the *Kentucky Harmony*. There's a rowdiness, a sweaty zest, a look-him-in-the-eye-and-tell-him-to-go-to-hell spirit—yes, and a tough, shy beauty—in this music that I count one of the few precious and honorable American heritages, in our music and in our temperament. No madrigal group or anyone else is going to queer this up with patchouli and corsets and a coy leer without my (for one) raising plenty stink.

R. D. DARRELL.

THE DANCE

THE New York dance season came to an end with Maria Theresa's performance of her Duncanesque compositions at the Guild Theatre and with the gala first concert of the newly organized American Dance Association which presented "Dances for Spain" at the Alvin. Part of the proceeds went to the Medical Bureau to Aid Spanish Democracy.

Most of the compositions of the A.D.A. concert have been seen before. Sophia Delza presented two rather intellectualized dances; Ruthanna Boris of the American Ballet and Lasar Galpern did ballet-like transcriptions of Spanish dances; Tamiris gave her *Impressions of a Bull Ring* and a *South American Dance*; Polanco did an authentic *Cape Dance* and a *Farucca*.

Miriam Blecher's New Dance Group did a sometimes touching but still unfinished suite of dances on 1937 Madrid; Lily Mehlman gave her sensitive *Spanish Woman—Lullaby for a Dead Child*; and Anna Sokolow's Dance Unit repeated its brilliant anti-fascist *War Poem*.

What was especially gratifying was the big turn-out, the enthusiastic response to the dancers, and the tremendous cheer that went up for the Lincoln Battalion. Both the dancers and the dance audience continue to demonstrate a social responsibility and a clear recognition of the tie-up between art and the social set-up.

This wasn't always so. It's a long way from the claque applause at the Metropolitan to the rising ovations dance audiences have given Angelo Herndon (at Carnegie Hall) and the American boys fighting in



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Spain against Franco. And it's a long way from the Diamond Horseshoe to the sit-down that the audience helped the W.P.A. dancers make more effective in New York.

Another word on the work of Charles Weidman who, in response to curtain-call applause for his sensuously witty *Candide*, made a plea for the demonstration of unity against threatening curtailment of W.P.A. funds and consequent cutting of its rolls.

Candide, which was first produced as a full-length performance, has been cut considerably, and in a measure gains by it. Weidman's comic mime has always been his strong point; and in *Candide* it is especially well turned. It's an utterly queer and comic garden *Candide* waters with his toy tin can after all his journeys in a strange and distorted world. Weidman has a keen satiric sense. He would do well to apply it more to the contemporary scene—as he can.

OWEN BURKE.

PHONOGRAPH MUSIC

THIS column is by way of being something of a celebration, for the Columbia Phonograph Co. (Brunswick, Columbia, Vocalion, Melotone, Variety records) has decided to cast aside its prejudices and grant collective-bargaining rights to its factory workers in Bridgeport, Conn. A plant that has always been an open shop is in process of becoming open only to union members. Amazingly enough, this is the first phonograph company to be thoroughly unionized, for the R.C.A.-Victor Co. is still disputing the Labor Board election in which the United Electrical & Radio Workers obtained a smashing victory, and the Decca Co. has yet to be faced with the problem of organization.

The most recent Columbia list marks the welcome return of Walter Gieseking, playing the hitherto unrecorded E-flat major piano concerto by Mozart (Set 291). One price that Gieseking has to pay for his pleasant relationship with the Nazi government is recording with an orchestra and conductor so patently inferior as the present Berlin State Opera Orchestra and its conductor, Hans Rosband. Not only is the orchestra thin and lifeless, but there are spots where the intonation of the strings is execrable and others where the conductor cannot keep pace with the soloist. But Gieseking is magnificent, particularly in the beginning of the rondo, where he plays with a fleetness and grace that defy comparison. Fortunately, there are excellent cadenzas in each movement when one has a chance to hear Gieseking unencumbered by the orchestra.

The Lener Quartet, with William Primrose on second viola, has just recorded the Beethoven quintet in C-major (Columbia Set 294). Although an early opus, it is definitely great Beethoven. The playing has all the virtues and faults usually found in Lener performances. There is no limit to their spirit and vitality, which is sometimes obtained at the expense of delicacy and precision.

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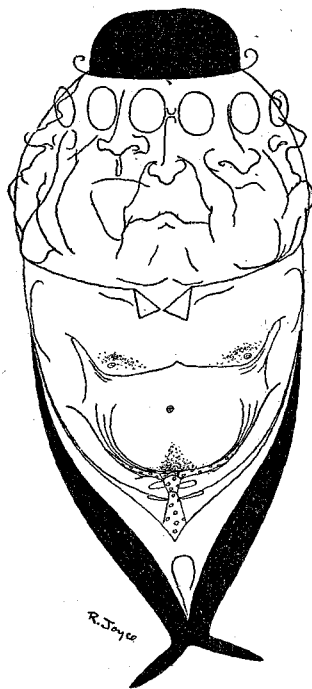
this month's Columbia output. Bee-ham has a fresh and delightful slant on the old war-horse of Nicolai, overture to the *Merry Wives of Windsor* (68938 D). Egon Petri gives a magnificent performance of the relatively uninteresting F-sharp major piano sonata of Beethoven (68939D), while Marguerite Long gives a good sample of the excellence of French piano recording in the dullish Fauré "Nocturne" No. 6.

Huberman is at his very best in the first Bach partita in B-minor for unaccompanied violin, sarabande and double (68940D). His playing has such authority that it is difficult to be captious about the few slides and sentimentalisms that are not entirely to one's taste. On the reverse, however, is Huberman's own transcription of an organ chorale, and it is difficult to imagine a more disagreeable contrast to the partita. His tone assumes all the disagreeable twang and roughness he sometimes displays in concert.

Musicraft recording continues to improve, for mechanically the piano tone in the Mozart F-major sonata compares very favorably with that achieved by other companies. Ernst Victor Wolff gives a forthright but hard performance of this extremely pleasant and unhackneyed work. On the odd side is a charming D-major rondo (Musicraft Album I).

One of the best Musicraft records to date is a particularly good performance of the Handel chamber cantata *Nell Dolce Dell' Oblio*, intelligently sung by Ethel Luening with flute, harpsichord, and cello accompaniment. The music is superb and very rarely heard in concert. As in other Musicraft records, there is considerable surface noise, but not enough to interfere with the enjoyment of the music.

There is not very much to grow excited about in the jazz world. Vocalion is doing some interesting recording in Birmingham, Ala., Hot Springs, Ark., and San Antonio, Tex. Alabama has produced a fairish band



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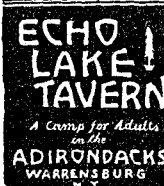
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HELP SEND AN AMBULANCE TO SPAIN!

Annual Roof Garden Dance

of the

ANTI-FASCIST LITERATURE COMMITTEE

Saturday Evening, June 12, 1937

HECKSCHER BUILDING ROOF
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Spanish Entertainment—Moonlight Dancing
Refreshments

Admission 75 Cents

BENEFIT MEDICAL AID FOR SPAIN

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FOR DEMOCRACY

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Barn Dance & Entertainment

Saturday evening, June 5, 8:30 p. m.

at CENTRO GALICIA, 153-159 West 64th Street, N. Y. C.

Auspices: Friends of Ben Lelder

Tickets on Sale: Workers Bookshop.

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known as Bogan's Birmingham Busters, which is better than any I have ever encountered in Birmingham, while Hot Springs' star is still Robert Johnson, who has turned out to be a worker on a Robinsville, Miss., plantation. It is too bad that Vocalion, which is the only company that takes regular trips through the backwoods of the South, records no work songs or songs of protest by Negro artists.

Timely records, which are available at many stores throughout the country, are doing an important job in recording union songs which are not available in any other record catalogue. They are well sung and recorded, and can always be obtained direct from the manufacturer, Timely Recording Co., at 1600 Broadway, New York City.

Master Records, the most recent Irving Mills venture, has decided to discontinue its seventy-five-cent label and concentrate on the thirty-five-cent Variety series.

JOHN HAMMOND.



Forthcoming Broadcasts

(Times given are Eastern Daylight, but all programs listed are on coast-to-coast hookups)

Eclipse. Broadcast of eclipse of sun in South Sea Islands during totality and various stages preceding and following. Tues., June 8, 3 p.m. N.B.C. blue. Report of results of eclipse observations by scientists. Tues., June 8, 10:45 p.m., N.B.C. red.

Arthur H. Compton. Nobel-prize winner in physics on "Human Freedom in the Modern World." Thurs., June 10, 6:20 p.m., N.B.C. red.

Recent Recommendations

MOVIES

(We are omitting the listings of recommended films for the duration of the strike in the Hollywood studios.—THE EDITORS.)

PLAYS

Room Service (Cort, N. Y.). Very funny nonsense about a penniless Broadway showman, ably directed by George Abbott.

Babes in Arms (Schubert, N. Y.). Pleasant and talented cast of youngsters in an amusing, tuneful Rodgers and Hart musical.

Excursion (Vanderbilt, N. Y.). Thunder on the left in comic vein by Victor Wolfson.

Power (Ritz, N. Y.). The Living Newspaper's powerful and amusing attack on the utilities racket.

Professor Mamlock (Daly, N. Y.). Family of German-Jewish physician caught in the maelstrom of the Nazi regime.

THE DANCE

How Long Brethren? and *Candide* (Nora Bayes, N. Y.). Tamiris, Charles Weidman, and other members of the Federal Dance Theatre in two fine performances.

PHONOGRAPH RECORDINGS

Swing. "I Must Have That Man" and "Why Was I Born?" played by Benny Goodman and others from Count Basie's orchestra; also two other Teddy Wilson tunes, "How Could You?" and "Carelessly," with Johnny Hodges's alto sax, Cootie Williams's trumpet, and Billie Holiday's vocalizing.

Shall We Dance. Vocalion has recorded "They Can't Take That Away from Me" and "Let's Call the Whole Thing Off," with Billie Holiday.

John Mackey

IS TEACHING

Cartoon

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Summer sports, new tennis courts, ideal place for vacation. \$13.50 per week.

New York Central to Peekskill.

By boat, Hudson River Day Line to Indian Point. Write, Buchanan, New York.

MOUNTAIN LAKE FARMS, Union Grove, N. Y. (near Livingston Manor). E. Keiser. Swimming, boating, tennis, pingpong, fishing, etc. Large, beautiful lake, glorious mountain country. 400 acres—2500 ft. elevation. Delicious meals, all conveniences. \$18, \$20, \$22.

SPRING VALLEY'S most beautiful summer resort. Maple Villa, Box 147, Spring Valley, N. Y. Special Week-end rates for June. \$3 per day.

SUMMER RENTALS

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YOUNG WOMAN MUSICIAN willing to share travel expenses with someone driving to Mexico after June 15. Write New Masses, Box 1503.

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CITY.....

OCCUPATION.....

Pardon Us for Pointing,



... but isn't that summer that's icumen in?

And are you one of those fortunates who will soon be skipping off for ten or fifteen weeks to a bungalow, a cottage or even a house?

You probably are; and you probably just can't wait to stretch out on a beach or a lawn or in a hammock; and, little as you believe in escapism, you probably believe that you merit a session of Getting Away From It All.

Have a wonderful time!

Nobody begrudges it to you—but don't blame us if a profound attack of conscience suddenly comes all over you like a strawberry rash—when you are reminded, if by nothing more than memory, of the struggle that continues every day throughout the world.

Because the Spanish loyalists aren't planning to take the summer off; neither will the powerful activities of the C.I.O. be called to a halt for the hot months; and the forward marches in the Soviet Union, France and underground Germany have as yet manifested no signs of relaxations simply because the calendar will read June, July or August or September.

Similarly, the New Masses can not and will not relax, either.

There are no vacations for us; on the contrary, summer is a period of intensified activity because fewer field writers are available to us and material in general is more difficult to secure.

But the magazine will appear with un-failing regularity, even though we have the classic trouble of meeting sustinment expenses; and critical articles on the news of

the world will continue to be prepared for you, who, deprived for the time of contacts, will need the New Masses as never before.

If you have ever let the summer be a time of forgetting the world, call a halt to it now. The thunderous march of our times can not be deadened for even a day. Let the New Masses be your conscience's guide this summer. One dollar brings you fifteen hot issues which blend flawlessly with beach, lawn or hammock in bungalow, cottage and house. Subscribe now. And get others to subscribe. Help us get 5,000 new subscribers by July 1.

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Black Consul by Anotolii Vinogradov
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The First American Revolution by Jack Hardy
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Jews Without Money by Mike Gold
Green Corn Rebellion by William Cunningham
The Adventure of a Fakir by Vsevolod Ivanov
Under Fire by Henri Barbusse
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The October Revolution by J. Stalin
Esop Said So by Hugo Gellert
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